CYNTHIA:

WITH THE

Tragical Account

OF THE

Unfortunate LOVES

OF

Almerin and *Deſdemona:*

Being A

NOVEL.

ILLUSTRATED

With Variety of the Chances of FORTUNE: Moraliz'd with many uſeful Obſervations, drawn from thence, whereby the READER may reap both *Pleaſure* and *Profit*.

Done by an *Engliſh* Hand.

The Eighth Edition, Corrected.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THere is lately brought from *Chili* a Province in *America*, a moſt Natural Excellent *Balſam*, found by ſeveral Eminent Perſons to excel that of *Peru* and *Tolu*, in curing of divers Diſeaſes as it hath given demonſtration; 'tis a Remedy that no Man under the Sun can compoſe being a moſt Odoriferous, and Natural Balſam. It cures moſt diſeaſes in human Bodies, particularly helps all Pains coming from cold, chiefly pains in the Stomach, want of Appetite, corroborating and ſtrengthning the whole Body 'Tis a wonderful Remedy for all inward Sores Bruiſes, Ulcers in the Lungs, Reins, Bladder or Womb &c. It helps ſhortneſs of Breath, Coughs, Conſumptions, or Wheeſings, 'tis good in moſt diſeaſes in the Head, ſtrengthning the Brain and Nerves. It kills the Worms, provoks Urine, and is good againſt the Stone. It helps all fluxes of the Belly, is execllent in all Diſeaſes of the Ears. It alſo cures all manner of Green Wounds.

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BRITISH MUSEUM 8.7.6.414.

TO THE
READER.

Courteous READER,

IF *Study be the Soul of Underſtanding, would not be Studious? Since Knowledge only is the School-miſtreſs of Sublime and Illuſtrious Spirits, and makes them tranſcend the Vulgar as far as the Sun excells the Moon in Brightneſs;* (*for what difference is between a Man* Mar. Aut. *preſuming to be Man, not being learned and a Beaſt*) *what certain Joy, true Honour or great Profit, can a Man challenge unto himſelf and not look for ſudden Viciſſitudes to alter them into a worſe State than they were before, thro' the inconſtancy of our Human Conditions? Where then ſhall we ſeek for theſe great and rare Properties; to find that which of it ſelf will be unto us both Profitable and Pleaſant altogether, and that not for a Moment, but for ever? Truly in Knowledge, which Firſt is able to moliſie Man's Nature, being before Savage and Wild, and to make it capable of Reaſon. Secondly, Frameth and Settleth his Judgment, that he may not paſs*

the Course of his Life in all Tranquility of Mind, to the Profit of many. Lastly, *Cau-*
Anacharsis *ses him to die in Honour, with certain Life and Happiness. Contrariwise, saith the Philosopher, Idleness is a Thing like a cankering Rustiness to the Body, and to the Soul; and as an eating Consumption, it wasteth and bringeth to naught both Virtue and Strength; it is the Grave of Living Men; it is a Thing wherein Life dieth, and thereby the Soul of Man is Twice buried in him, once in his Body, and next in his Sloth.*

I examined and discerned the Difference to be vast betwixt Vice and Virtue, between Learning and Ignorance, between Sloth and Activeness, between a Wise Man and a Fool; and then I approved of that Wise saying of the
Aristippus, *Famous* Aristippus, (Better it is to be a Beggar than a Rich Man without Learning) *I considered the whole Life of Man, that he continues but a small Time here, and the Moity of this Moment he lets pass in Settish Sleep, which is Death's Cousin German, so that he dies living; and when Death takes him hence his Memory dies with him, and goes into Oblivion. I contemplated the Misery of worldly Men, that like Ants, toil and labour for wealth and in the midst of their Hopes to go down to the Grave; and go to give an Account for the gathering and using the same, and that perhaps to their perpetual Damnation; whilst in the mean time, other Companions in the World do live merry and pleasant upon that he hath gotten, little remembring or less caring from him that perhaps, lies burning in unquenchable Fire for those Riches unrighteously heaped, and less unto them. Nor*

was

was the Leſcivious Man forgotten to my Memory who leaves no Stratagem unattempted, no crafty, Deſign unacted, nor no Wickedneſs, let it be never ſo horrid, undone to accompliſh his Luſt, which, alas, vaniſhes in a Moment, and leaves an After-Regentance.

This cauſed Antiſthenes, *being asked of a Man what was beſt to learn, he returned him this Anſwer,* To unlearn the Evil thou haſt learned; *that is, to return back from the Highway to Hell to the School of Virtue; that Man travels a long Way from Home that never looks back; and he is in a leſt Condition that never thinks of amending.* Antiſthenes.

Theſe Conſiderations agreeing with my vacant Hours, gave being to this ſucceeding Hiſtory; in the Study of which I found the Treaſures of a Soul endowed with Reaſon, which is a Happineſs wherein all Human Felicity conſiſteth, and which never breeds Vexation of Spirit. What ſhall I ſay? In the Continuance of which I found a pleaſing Solitary Companion for the tedious Winter Nights? Was I in Love, here I found a Miſtreſs to Court, with a clearer Satisfaction and Delight than thoſe Paſſions that vaniſh in the Fruition. Was I in Adverſity, here I found a Comforter. Was I in Proſperity, the Knowledge of what I was, made my Joys ſolid, and ſo kept me from being Arogant. Was I Fortunate, then I conſidered the Viciſſitudes of Fortune. And when I ſeem'd overwhelmed in the Gulph of Deſpair, I could ride ſecurely by the Anchor of Hope, and expect a Calm. Thus from the Offspring of my Idle Hours I purſued to my ſelf both Pleaſure and Profit, and that not for a Moment, but to Perpetuity. I ſpeak not this in Oſtentation, that I exceed the Meaneſt, but

the happy Change the Imitation of Virtue has produced; of which I hope the Reader will participate with me.

The Diſcourſe is Love, a Paſſion of all other moſt lovely and agreeable to the Fancy; ſo inviting, and ſweetly Charming, that Reaſon it ſelf cannot ſtand in Competition againſt it; yet ſo neceſſary that a Wiſe Man once ſaid, To ſee Love baniſhed our Streets, is as to ſee the Horizon without a Sun, or the Year without a Spring. *This Labyrinth, wherein Wiſe Men loſe themſelves, and Fools recover their Wits; where Wiſdom runs a Wool-gathering, and Paſſion guides the Helm, I preſent unto you as a Mirrour that will demonſtrate the Difference betwixt Love and Luſt; wherein Virtue is illuſtrated in the Perſon of* Cynthia *and* Orſamus, *and Vice figured to the Life in the Perſon of* Almerin, *or* [*ſtill worſe and worſe*] *this is a more full Story, where the Walks are the gloomy Shades of Death, the Diſcourſe is diſmal, the Narration lamentable, the Adventures Tragical and the Examples Woeful. Wherein are preſented the Snares of Love, the Credulity of Innocency, the Heat of Affection, the Fire of Luſt, the Fruits of Raſhneſs, and the Reward of Perjury; and may this you ſhall hear related beget Profit as well as Pleaſure, that by others Harm we may learn to avoid our own, wiſely to ſhelter our ſelves from the threatning Storms, and ſo grow cautious to ſhun thoſe Rocks where others have ſuffered Shipwreck. Let Beauteous Maidens here learn to prize their Honour, and ſet a high Eſteem on their Chaſtity, by the woful Example of Fair* Deſdemona; *and let all Fathers avoid Anger and Paſſion by the Example of* Artimedorus, *who occaſioned by his Folly the Sanguine Part of this mournful*

Story

Story. Let all Virgins beware how to beſtow their Love by the Example of Poor Artemeſia; *and let all Parents here behold the Miſeries of enforced Marriage in the Example of* Almerin. *The whole Hiſtory being a ſweet Summary of bitter Calamities proceeding only from the ſame Cauſe. Thus we may read with Delight the diſaſters of others, making their Misfortune our advantage for there is a kind of Voluptuouſneſs in the Rehearſal of paſt Miſeries, a Pleaſure even in Miſery it ſelf, Experience doth daily teach us. When we conſider how the Sea of our Misfortunes doth ebb and flow with the various Shape of Hope and Deſpair; how impetuous the Storms, and how wonderful are the Viciſſitudes and Changes of this, Nature from thence proceeding. Thus from this Relation may be ſucked ſome Honey as well as Poyſon: For if from the greateſt Venome may be extracted an Antidote to expel the Operation and Force of the ſtrongeſt Poyſon, then from this Bulk of Misfortunes judiciouſly and ſeriouſly conſider'd, the Ingenious Reader may gather good, and no Harm, by the Reading this Lamentable Story.*

Tully *tells us, that in Times of Old, People were dull and barbarous, rude and froward, unſenſible and uncapable of any* Tully *ſerious Study: To this End and Purpoſe many of our ancients have written various Stories, many of which are extant, to reclaim the Mind of the Multitude, which are apt and prone enough to hear Folly: Witneſs* Diogenes *the* Cynick, *who when he had any grave Matters to relate, he would call the People to hear him, which when they regarded not, he would ſing merrily, to which when many reſort-*

ed, he would say, To hear Foolishness ye run apace, but to hear any Weighty Matter ye scarce put forth your Foot. *From this Cause only Fables and Romances took their first Original: Wise Men endeavouring to make the Vulgar grow wise by their own Folly, drawing them with that Bait they most dearly affected for what is a Fable but a silent Representation of a more weighty Matter: And what is History but a lively Essence describing the pleasing Transports of the soul? By this Craft they make Vice to assist Virtue, and* Satan *to be foiled in his own Weapons. Thus by presenting the shadow, they cause them to embrace the substance, so have I seen a careful Mother first nurse her Child with a Teat, then with a Spoon, and after with stronger Meat: Did not the best of Men speak in Parable? And what is a Parable but a Thing sympathising and agreeing with a matter of greater Value, helping to explain it more lively to the Capacity of the Auditors, to whom it is related. Indeed, what are the Heavans and the Earth drawn and presented unto the Eye by Art, but a secret History or Similitude, declaring the Majesty and Power of our Great Creator? Like as when we see a small Beam of the Sun, we apprehend in Reason it has its Original from a greater; such indeed has been, and should be still, the Intention of all those that write Parables, Fables, or Romantick History, to season them with Morals and Observations, so applying them to a Vertuous End, that as little Rivolets they may waft the Reader e'er he be aware unto the River of Virtue, and Ocean of all Felicity.*

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Such

Such I did intend this ſucceeding Hiſtory in which there is no Eminent Example but is illuſtrated and ſtored with fruitful Obſervations, for the Profits and Behoof of the Reader, ſtriking the Iron whilſt it is hot, ſo making uſe of the Advantage whilſt the Example is freſh in Memory: For I believe nothing can demonſtrate or preſent any Thing ſo lively as when we have the ſpeaking Example evident before our Eyes. Here is Hiſtory curiouſly woven and intermixed with things moral and divine, the Pleaſure and the Profit is bound up in one intire Noſegay, and it ſeems impoſſible to ſever the one without the Ruin of the other; ſo have I ſeen a careful Phyſician mix the Bitter Potion with Honey, for the better Digeſtion of his Patient. Zeno *being demanded how a Man might become happy, anſwer'd*

If he drew near unto, and haunted Zeno the Dead; *meaning thereby, if he read Hiſtories, and endeavoured to learn their good Inſtructions; and here thou haſt no ſmall Variety of Preſidents of modern Authors gathered by my Induſtry, and replanted as I found Opportunity to place them.*

The Totol Sum, or Moral of the whole Hiſtory is ſoon caſt up, by examining it with that Saying of the Wiſe Man. That a juſt Man falls ſeven times and riſeth again, but the Wicked falls into Miſchief: *Prov.* 24. 16. *That is, the Upright Man is ſubject to many Dangers, but God delivereth him out of his Diſtreſs, making his very Misfortunes an Addition to his Joys. Oh, what Heavenly Comfort (ſay, an Ancient Father) do they inwardly feel, who are delighted with the Remembrance of Sufferings paſt, with the Fruition of*

Joy,

Joys present, and with the Expectation of Felicities to come! This Happiness is represented in the History of Cynthia *and* Orsamus, *Wicked Men are figured in the Person of* Almerin, *for Evil Men and Deceivers shall wax worse and worse, their Portion shall be cursed in the Earth; and as a Fall on a Pavement is very sudden, so shall the Fall of the Wicked come hastily; because God strikes not presently, the Wicked are set to do Evil; but although Heaven be slow in Punishment, yet when they strike they strike sure, for God spares the Wicked not in Mercy, but in Justice. Oh how suddenly do they consume, perish, and come to a Fearful End? Yea even like a Dream when one awaketh, (o shall their Memory vanish. Compare Times past with your daily Experience, and prove them both by this History, and you will find it no new Thing, that the Vertuous Man is made Shot-free from the strongest Batteries of Fortune by the Assistance he receives from above, while the Vicious Persons fall from bad to worse: Heaven above persues him as an Enemy, and Hell below is ready to receive him, so that he is miserable here, and wretched to Eternity in the World to come. Examin the whole History by this Touchstone, and you cann't miscarry; let this Moral be the North-pole you will sail by, and you cannot receive a Wreck; season it with such Salt and you may read and not receive a Surfeit; for History thus used is Water turned into Wine. If these Consideration, on the Lives of Just and Wicked Men, do but persuade and oblige thee to examine thy own, I have the Fruition of my Wishes, and Recompence of my Time.*

2 Timothy 3. Verse 13. Job 24. 18. Psalm 73. Verse 18, 19;

Cynthia

To the READER.

Cynthia, (*the Title of the Book*) *a Name of* DIANA, *or the Moon taken from* Cynthus, *a Hill in* Delos, *where Fancies of Poets say she was Born; a Planet, as Mathematicks affirm, that takes her Circuit in the lowest Orb; that receives what Light she enjoys from a greater; that in her greatest Splendor is not without Spots. This may serve for a silent Emblem to excuse the Errata of the whole History, which in the Eyes of many may seem fair; but when an Artist comes to survey it, it will not be found without Faults, (since Nature perfected it, and not Art) many Faults are in the Orthography, many Errors o'erpassed in the Ingrossing; therefore I excuse my self to save the curious Critick a Labour, who finds Faults in others, yet amends not his own: Yet to the Judicious and partial Man I submit my self, who knows how to scan and pass by Infant Faults. What I have writ was for my own Diversion, not Timerousness; for to write to fear, is to be sick only to be well again, and that I never had Intention to be.*

It is history'd if Alexander the Great, *when he laid Siege to any Great City,* Cynthia *he set up a Light in the midst of his Army, to signify unto the Besieged if they submitted themselves before that Light was burnt out they should receive Mercy; but that being once out there was nothing to be expected but Fire and Sword. This may be alluded to the Day-light of this Life, which God hath given us to repent in, the Date of which being once at an End, and Death taking hold upon us, there is nothing to be expected but a certain looking for of Judgment.* Alexander

And

To the READER.

And so, to the Almighty I leave thee, to thy Guardian Angel I commit thee, wishing you may be happy in all Things but Unhappiness, that you may be Poor in the World, but Rich in Heaven; that you may not live long, but well; so guiding our Lives here that we may never be afraid of Death, but embrace him as being one that transports us from this Vale of Woe, to the Heaven of Eternal Bliss; unto which happy place bring us all, Lord Jesus. Amen.

CYN-

CYNTHIA.

FRom forth a Deſert and unfrequented Wood in the Eaſt Parts of *Albion*, abutting to the Sea, iſſued out a Woman, and ſeated herſelf upon a Carpet of Sweet Flowers, embroidered by the Hand of Nature: She reſembled *Diana*, the Beautiful Huntreſs of the Woods; or more Fair, if poſſible: One would have taken her for a Celeſtial Deity if the ſucceeding Viciſſitudes of Fortune had not ſtrongly perſwaded ſhe was a mortal Beauty. Indeed the Purity of her Complection ſeemed to excel the new-fallen Snow, but Sorrow had gathered the Carnation off her Cheeks. All the Features of her Face had ſo near a Kindred, and formed to ſo rare a Proportion, that ſhe ſeemed Nature's Maſter-piece; or rather ſympathized ſomething of that Divinity whoſe Name ſhe bore. From her Eyes darted a Luſtre, mingled with a Vivacity ſo penetrating, that it was impoſſible for the moſt confident Soul to make a Reſiſtance. This prodigious Creature, after ſhe had ſearched every vacant Place with her Eye, fearing to be over-herrd, with a troubled and low Voice ſhe began as followeth.

'O my Dear, though Abſent, *Orſamus*! To 'whoſe Merits I never yet gave any Reward; 'whoſe Complaints I could never be induced 'to Pity! When *Neptune* Ship wreck'd thee up-'on the Shore, I little thought thy Preſence 'would beget me ſuch Diſquiet; O Duty! O 'Love! To what Extreams do you hurry me? 'And what Enemies are you to my Reſt? The 'Birds that live in theſe unfrequented Woods, 'are happier than I: For they may chuſe their 'Mates, and carol their ſweet Pleaſures to the 'Springs; but by the cruel Commands of a 'Father I am forced to neglect the Perſon I 'love; and diſeſteem the Services of one with 'Diſdain, whoſe Welfare I prize above my Life; 'who once loſt, I would not bid a Welcome to 'the deareſt Good the World can afford me. 'But alas! The Time draws near that will 'make a perpetual Divorce. Unfortunate *Or-'ſamus*, by thy Abſence; miſerable *Cynthia*, 'by thy Folly.

Scarce had theſe Words took a Farewel from her Mouth, when from an adjacent Part of the Wood iſſued out a Man, richly apparalled, and bent his Steps directly to the Place where ſhe ſate. Her Eyes had no ſooner found him out, but with exceſs of Grief ſhe uttered theſe Complaints, 'O cruel Heavens! Do you take 'a Pleaſure in tormenting ſubmitting Inno-'cence, that you conduct this Monſter, the 'Enemy of my Content, and fatal Diſturber of 'my Quiet, ſo fortunately to the Place of my 'Concealment? Now farewel my poor *Orſa-'mus*; I ſhall only ſtay here amongſt the Li-'ving to conſecrate the Relicks of a languiſh-'ing Life to thy Dear Memory.

By this time the unknown Perſon came up; and ſeating himſelf by her Side, he accoſted her with this Diſcourſe: 'Madam, *ſaid he*, your 'Father expects you with Ardency, and is in 'fearful Apprehenſions of the certainty of your 'Safety. Why, Madam, *continued he*, at ſuch 'a time as this do you ſeak out Solitude, and 'ſo carefully ſhun the Perſon that adores you? 'Why theſe Clouds, my dear Princeſs, on a 'Joyful Day: Wherefore theſe Tears too, too 'precious to be thus laviſhly caſt away? Why 'are my promiſing Joys overcaſt with ſuch 'fearful Omens, and my ſweeteſt Hopes vaniſh-'ed? Tell me, O tell me! Joy of my Bliſs, 'what may occaſion your Diſquiet, that with 'the Peril of my Life I may procure a Remedy.

This Fair Unknown was preparing for a Reply, when they were diſturbed with a Noiſe from the Neighbouring Thicket; and caſting their Eyes about to underſtand the Cauſe of that Surprizal, when behold there ruſh'd out a Man whoſe unexpected Appearance was quickly become their Aſtoniſhment: His Viſage was Pale, and clouded over with Grief, in all the Regards and Lineaments of his Face appeared a natural Fierceneſs; his whole Compoſure ſhewed the Evidence of ſomething ſo Great and Noble, that ſpake him to Command others, Born to diſeſteem the whole World, and think it held none fit to be his Rival.

He ſet his Face and directed his haſty Steps to the Place where they ſate; but his Preſence put them both into a Confuſion. He no ſooner preſented himſelf to their ſight, but fixing his Eyes wholly on this Fair-Unknown, as the Load-

Load-ſtone of his Will, and Centre of all his Happineſs, with a Rapture of Joy he ſuddenly caſt himſelf at her Feet. 'O my Divine Princeſs, *ſaid he*, Beautiful, Cauſe of all my Misfortunes, and cruel Original of all my Miſeries! How careful has Fortune been to make me happy, when I intended to ſacrifice the Fragments of this wretched Life to your Severity? I have yet this Comfort left me in Death, to complain to you of your Injuſtice.

All this time a wavering Colour often went and came in her Cheeks, that ſhe became ſtiffned with Aſtoniſhment, as if ſhe had been Planet-ſtruck; but at laſt calling back that Aſſurance, her ſudden Surprizal had ſequeſtred; 'Gods! *Said ſhe*, Is this *Orſamus* himſelf I ſee before me? Yes, *reply'd he*, it is *Orſamus*, if you have not caſt the Memory of ſo poor a Wretch into Oblivion. This ſaid, he diſembraced himſelf from her Knees, and with a look full of Terror he drew his Sword to pierce his Breaſt with that Fatal Weapon. But *Cynthia* no ſooner ſaw that glittering Miniſter of Death unſheathed, but giving a grievous Shriek ſhe fell into a deadly Swoon; when ſuddenly caſting his Eyes about he ſaw this firſt Gallant ſiting like one Metamorphos'd, or a Statue without Life; and ſuddenly calling him to Remembrance, 'Oh (*cry'd he*) have I found you, the only Oppoſer of my Bliſs? Can you think to go ſafely away with that Priz, which is only due to my Services? If you know how to own a Good, maintain the Intereſt you would challenge in this Divine Creature with your Sword Saying this, he preſented his Sword againſt his Breaſt; but he never moved from the Place where

where he ſate, neither did he endeavour to make any Motion of Defence.

In this Interim of Time, his Friends who had been in queſt of him in the moſt ſecret Parts of the Wood, hearing a Diſturbance, came up unto him, and ſeeing *Cordello* in danger, at that Moment they made in, and reſcued him out of his Hands, when no doubt he had acted the laſt Cataſtrophe and Scene of his Life. They all aſſaulted him at once; but he, without ſpending a Thought upon the Number, ruſh'd upon 'em like Lightning, with a Swiftneſs, and Looks ſo terrible and dreadful, that he made the forwardeſt to repent their Raſhneſs. Six lay ſlain by his Hand; and they had encompaſſed him about, ſo that it ſeem'd impoſſible he could make any long Reſiſtance againſt ſuch Numbers as ſurrounded him.

When, lo Fortune provided a Remedy for this Diſaſter: yet one that ſeem'd worſe than the Diſeaſe. Behold from an adjoining Creek of the Sea, ſhaded by a little Hill, iſſued out about Sixteen Pyrates, led on by their Captain: They came not to aſſiſt either Side, but to make their utmoſt Advantage of both. No ſooner had the Aſſaillants of this Brave Cavalier beheld them coming but they all ran away; only he alone ſet himſelf in a Poſture of Defence to preſerve the Lady: But overpower'd by their Numbers, they forc'd him to ſubmit to their Wills; yet not before he had receiv'd Four Deſperate Wounds in the Body; in revenge of which he had ſlain Four of their beſt Men belonging to their Veſſel. They convey'd *Cynthia*, with *Orſamus* on Board the Boat, intending to ſatisfy the Death of their Companions with

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the Author that had occasion'd it. They put off from Shore, and began to prepare for his intended Execution; mean while the Fair *Cynthia*, whose Spirits were newly returned to execute their proper Function, sat almost dissolved in Tears; beholding these Preparations for *Orsamas*'s Death, fearfully apprehending what she could not as yet know the Cause of; going unto him that seem'd Commander of the rest, she demanded to what use those Weapons and Preparations of Death were made? He return'd Answer, 'For that Cavalier, that in her De-'fence had slain Four of the best Men belonging 'unto his Ship. *Sir*, (reply'd *Cynthia*) *that young Man is my Brother; and you cannot well blame him for what he did in the Defence of a Dear Sister: And sure the Course you would take is indirect, since if you fulfil your Resolutions you can gain nothing by his Death but by preserving his Life you may receive a great* Ransom.

The sweet Thought of Gain, deliver'd from so lovely a Creature, set both his Love and Covetuousness on the Rack. In fine, the Hope of Gain turn'd the Current of their Revenge, in Execution of which their Choler abated, and they rested satisfied. But it was not so with their Commander, for the Eyes of his Fair Prisoner had opened themselves a Passage, and darted their resplendent Rays into the Soul of this fierce Pyrate. He found such Charms as it seem'd impossible, and meer Folly, to stand in Opposition against them. Here was a Metamorphose wrought by the Force of Love and Beauty, a Barbarian civiliz'd to a milder Temper: For accosting his fair Prey he compos'd all that was Fierce and rude in his Looks

to

to Reſpect and Duty. *Madam* (reply'd he) 'tis *enough that you deſire your Brother ſhould live: Reſt ſatisfied, he ſhall live only for your Sake; not ſo much for our Intereſt a for your Content: For we could well have diſpenc'd with our Gain to give our Revenge Precedence: But your Deſires have put a Period to our Reſentment. Thus you reign Triumphant whilſt you eſteem your ſelf a Captive. O Madam,* continued he, *ceaſe thoſe Showers; clear up thoſe bright Stars: Have you any Deſires? Give 'em a Name, for I find it irreſiſtable to give you a Denial. Retire to yonder Cabin, which ſhall be wholly at your Diſpoſal. Your Menial Servants ſhall not be more Officious, than theſe my Men that ſeem ſo Barbarous ſhall be dutiful, at your Commands. For my ſelf I'll pay my Reſpects with as chaſte a Zeal as we pay our Devotion to the Offended Deities, at ſuch a time only when my Viſits will not incommode you: For I am not ſo much Pyrate but I know what Civilities ought to be paid to Ladies of your Quality; which, as you ſeem to me, is not mean. Reſt firm in the Aſſurance of my Promiſe, whilſt I take care for the ſpeedy Dreſſing of your Brother's Wounds, and for his Accommodation in the Ship.* Saying this he left her with a profound Reſpect.

Orſamus, who was an Auditor and Spectator of the Diſcourſe that paſs'd betwixt the Pyrate and *Cynthia*, was tranſported with Raviſhment when he underſtood that ſhe was his Preſerver. 'Nay, *ſaid he*, ſince my Life is 'not indifferent to my Fair Divinity, I'll live 'to free her from this Captivity, or periſh 'in the Attempt: Since ſhe ſeems to have an 'Eſteem for my Life, I'll endeavour to preſerve 'it, for I cannot but prize what ſhe eſteems.

Theſe

Theſe Words over-bold, and dangerous to his Life, were over-heard by thoſe that guarded him; but being ſpoken in the *Britiſh* Tongue, were not underſtood. By their Captain's Command he was carefully conducted into the Hold, where he had a Lodging aſſign'd him, and Surgeons ſent him that ſearched his Wounds, which they found dangerous, but not Mortal: They carefully dreſs'd 'em, and left him unto his Reſt.

This rude Rabble, that violated all Laws, both Divine and Humane, yet obey'd their Superior with a Dutious Reſpect: His Commands were a Law not to be examined, or diſputed by them, whether juſt or unjuſt; but fulfiled with all Obedience, and ſubmitted unto without Repugnancy. So that it became a Law amongſt them (*He himſelf ſpake it*) ſo there remained nothing behind but to put it in ſpeedy Execution.

While Things were thus ſtated, they would have tack'd about again for the Shoar, to have received their expected Ranſom for *Orſamus*; but there aroſe a cruel Tempeſt, which convey'd them many Leagues from thence into the Main Ocean. The Pyrate alſo doubting that there might be ſome Veſſels ſet in purſuit of him, drew a ſmall Compaſs forth his Pocket, and according to the Directions of that Compaſs commanded his Men to ſteer a contrary Courſe. The Captain not ſo ſorry for diſappointing his Men of their Hopes, becauſe he had an Opportunity to oblige *Cynthia* with the Stayance of her ſuppoſed Brother; as alſo to Benefit himſelf in making him the Solicitor of his Love.

Three

Three Days had paſs'd ſince this laſt Diſaſter befel *Cynthia*; mean time *Orſamus* was carefully Dreſs'd, and officiouſly attended, and *Cynthia* ſerved with much Caution, the Pyrate never viſiting her without Permiſſion. On the Fourth Day he invited her to take a Walk upon the Deck. It was about the Time that *Sol* left Watery *Neptune*'s Bed, and newly darted his Rays upon the Face of the Waters.

Cynthia accorded with his Deſire; and kindly preſenting him her Hand, they went both forth the Cabin. But Oh, what a Mine of Beauties did the Tell tale LIGHT Preſent, which Grief, and that diſmal Place had detained from his Eyes; for the Pain and Fear ſhe ſuffer'd for *Orſamus*, by the Aſſurance of his Safety, was partly vaniſhed away; ſo that the Beauty they had put to flight was almoſt return'd back again to its uſual Luſtre, which this Pyrate took ſome Time to contemplate and admire. The encreaſe of her Beauty augmented his Paſſion; and thoſe Sparks of Love and Pity that lay hid before, began to blaze into a Flame, as by the Sequel will appear: For after ſhe had ſweetly complain'd unto him of the detaining of her Freedom, and that accordiug to his Promiſe, he had not put her Brother to his Ranſom, taking a Hint from theſe Words, he began as followeth.

'Madam (*ſaid he*) would I ſet your Free-'dom to ſale, a Kingdom were too little to pay 'the Ranſom. If your Brother's Liberty has 'been deferr'd, perhaps your Intereſt was the 'chief Occaſion, when in ſome ſort to oblige 'you I have neglected ſo great a Gain. For ſhould I accord with you in this one Thing,

touching

'touching your Freedom, possibly I should di-
'vorce my Eyes from the dearest Object for
'ever. Madam, I love you, because 'tis impos-
'sible to see you and be insensible. I have a
'Passion for you that nothing can extinguish
'but Death; but 'tis legitimate, and may be
'own'd by you without a Scruple, were your
'Condition equal to the Degrees of a Princess.
'My Birth is not ignoble, altho' the Disasters of
'my Life have been uncommon; nor because
'I seem rustick, is my Condition so mean,
'since the King of *Norway* a few Days since
'proffered me his Niece to Wife, which upon
'my Return to *Norway*, I did intend to ac-
'complish; and had certainly effected it, had
'not your prodigious Beauty disappointed my
'Designs. And for your Liberty, how can you
'account it a Restraint when your Goaler is
'become your Slave? Abate but our Separa-
'tion and your Desire cannot name another
'Thing should meet my Refusal. If once I be
'so happy to attain the Shore of *Norway*, whi-
'ther I intend in a few Days to go, I'll spend
'the Residue of this wretched Life at your
'Feet. Here he continued silent, leaving *Cynthia* in a Maze at the Discovery of his Passi-
on; yet being obliged to reply, she returned this Answer. 'Sir, your respective Usage could
'not give me more Satisfaction than your un-
'pleasant Discourse gives me Discontent, since
'you take away the Hopes of my Liberty in
'denying my Ransom. Never think by con-
'straint to gain my Affection, nor by detaining
'my Liberty to make me be become kind.
'Wou'd I accord to your Will, I am at my Bro-
'ther's Disposal whom you disable in denying

'him

'him his Freedom. But never think by such 'rude Ways, to force Love for your Hopes will 'all fail you; for my Soul is free although my 'Body be your Prisoner; and you shall find I 'can die when I cannot love. *Saying this, she left him and returned to her Cabbin.*

Mean while the Pyrate stood like one transformed: Yet not minding to despair of the first Repulse when he had the Person in his Power; so that recollecting his Spirits, he went immediately to give *Orsamus* a Visit, whose Wounds by this time were reasonably well recover'd. After Salutations past, he desired him to be his Assistant to his Sister, who protested never to despose of herself without his Consent; promising him in Recompence to give him his Freedom; or if he would accompany him to *Norway* he shou'd have ample Revenues to sudsist during Life. These offers in Civility must be suited with an agerable Answer, altho his Intentions roved far from the Matter. He promised him if he would alow him the Freedom to visit his Sister, he would perform the utmost of his Endeavours to procure his Content; that if his Felicity depended upon his disposal, he would be no Obstruction to defer it, that seeing he had put him to his Choice, he had rather go to *Norway* with his Sister, than to return without her into his own Country. Thus he was forc'd to delude him with Hopes, so to detain him within the Bounds of Reason.

The Pyrate was satisfied at the Freedom of his Discourse giving the Physicians order, when his Wounds would permit him, to let him free Access to his Sister's Chamber, and Liberty of Conversation, at such Times as he best pleased.

This paſt he left him unto his Reſt; but his Tranſport was too great to let him mind that neceſſary Miniſter of his Health: That which *Cynthia* had done for him in preſerving his life, by adopting him with that happy Title of Brother, and laſtly, not to diſpoſe of herſelf without his Conſent, was a fit Subject to exerciſe his Thoughts upon. Now her former Rigours were all vaniſh'd to his Memory, and he conſider'd her only as his Benefactor, and Original of his Felicity. Oh! (*quoth he*) in a Rapture to which this charming Fair One had reduc'd him. 'If ſo Rich a Mine of Treaſure be left to my 'diſpoſal I ſhall grow too great a Miſer, and be-'come too Covetous ever to allow a Partner, 'or admit a Rival, to my Happineſs. O hap-'py *Orſamus* in the midſt of thy Misfortunes! 'O welcome Diſaſters, that have engag'd my 'Adoration to ſo ſweet an Object.

He paſs'd away his Time in ſuch pleaſing Tranſports, ever fancying the Idea of his faireſt *Cynthia* before his Eyes, that all other Thoughts were huſh'd in his Silence, and his Contentment ſeem'd perfect in the height of his Satisfaction. Whether his Wounds received Addition from the Temperature and Quietneſs of his Mind I cannot tell, but in Two Days time he found himſelf in a Capacity to viſit his deareſt Phyſician; which being made known unto the Pyrate, the more to oblige *Cynthia*, he intended to preſent him unto herſelf.

'Twas about the time that *Phœbus* had climbd unto his Midday height, and beg'n to driſe his Chariot to the Weſtern Seas, when *Orſamus* accompanied him to *Cynthia*'s Cabbin. They found her ſitting in the moſt diſmal Part of the

Room,

Room, very disconsolate, accompanied only with a Mournful Silence. At their first Entrance, the Pyrate saluted her in this Manner: *Madam* (said he) since the disconcealing of my Love has begotten your disquiet, I have courted all Opportunities to dissipate your Resentments: Yet I fear you will not welcome the Happiness, because I bring it, This said, with great Respect he departed out of the Cabbin.

Scarce had he given an Exit by his Absence, shutting the Door after him, but *Orsamus* in a Transport cast himself at her Feet so hastily as she had neither Time nor Power to prevent him. But she unwilling to let him remain in that Condition presented him her Hand, *Rise Orsamus* (said she) this prostrate Action can scarce obtain its Pardon: Your Presence at this time is not unwelcome, since it has quitted me of some Fears that prepossess'd me in your Absence concerning your Welfare, and the Wounds you received in my Defence.

Them Wounds (replyed *Orsamus*) have been less cruel than those I received from your Fair Eyes; they would admit of a Cure, but these daily augment without hope of Remedy. O my dearest Princess! I die daily, and every Moment begets a new Death. If your Anger has prepared me a Condemnation, I will receive the Fatal Doom from your Mouth with a perfect and entire Obedience. Believe it *Orsamus*, (*replied she*) you would not obtain that so easily as your Imagination flatters you; neither perhaps has my Severity proceeded from the same Cause as your Opinion has taken it. No, no I have not been insensible of your Love, nor regardless of your Merits, but have pri-

zed them both at their true Value in my Breast.

Orsamus bowing his Head at this Discourse with a profound Respect; *Then, Madam,* (reply'd he,) I am not utterly lost, as my Fear constructed it; for if my Princess vote me happy I'll bid Defiance to Fortune's Malice; since she cannot in all her Stock of Misfortunes find one Obstruction to make me Miserable. But, Madam, what shall this happy Wretch do, whose Life you have preserv'd with such Excess of Generosity? What Price shall he pay for the least of those Divine Bounties? By a Fidelity (*reply'd* Cynthia which I value above my Father's Crown; and by which till Death you may preserve that Affection, whereon you establish your Happiness. If that be the means (*reply'd Orsamus*) I will be happy to my Tomb, and all the Human Considerations shall not make me waver one Moment in my inviolable Loyalty; Honour, or what else we esteem most dear or precious shall all submit, as Trophies to my Love: Neither would I welcome a Happiness that comes not from you, or for you. But, Madam, (*continu'd he after small Pause*) if I may have Licence to ask it, how shall we dispose of our Affairs in this Condition, whereinto Fortune hath blindly brought us? The happy Title of Brother you have conferr'd on me hath preserv'd my Life, and by your Bounty I begin to prize it at its true Value, so that I can dare the worst Effects of Fate. But for you, my dear Princess, that you should be brought to such Extreams is that which gauls my Heart with unexpressible Grief. My Misfortunes are become my chief Felicity, but I am too miserable

in

in yours : You have rais'd me to the height of human Happineſs, then Gratitude calls that I ſhould purchaſe your Content. Fortune ſpight of herſelf, ſhall ſhortly give you eaſe, or put a Period to the Cauſe; ſince to expect her to be kind is to involve ourſelves in greater Dangers. Deſperate Wounds muſt have deſperate Cures: Extreams muſt be thus ſerved. When Bliſs and Happineſs be in danger of a Wrack, boldly to dare is bravely to preſerve it. Thou wretched Rival, Obſtructer of my Bliſs. (*continued he with a Tone ſomewhat elevated*) I'll give an Exit to thy Love and Life; tho' guarded with a Thouſand Swords nothing ſhall ſecure thee from my Arms : If I fail in the Attempt I ſhall part with that Satisfaction. I did endeavour your Quiet, though I could not effect it.

O Sir ! (*quoth* Cynthia, *with a timerous Agitation of Spirit*) Do not with ſuch a raſh Reſolution caſt away your Life, but conſider that Stroke that ends your Days gives a Period to mine. Oh, think in the Cuſtody of what Villains I ſhall be left, acquainted with nothing but what is ill ! Then Death may flye me; and that may be forc'd from me I eſteem far above my Life. I ſhall have none then to participate in my Sorrows, or Revenge my Quarrels when you are gone. Death, when all Hope is paſt, will not fail to relieve us : Why ſhould we tempt our Ruin ? Fortune is full of Viciſſitudes; and being unkind ſo long a time, muſt at laſt be juſt : That Valour is unconquerable to which Diſcretion is join'd, when Wiſdom directs it for the moſt Advantage. The Caution will be pardonable, when you remember I interceed for *Cynthia*'s Safety in the Welfare of *Orſamus*. As

yet Reſpect ſeems to have the upper Hand in his Thoughts, let us not abuſe it to our own Deſtruction: In the mean time ſeek to attempt nothing but upon good mature Conſideration in each others Life. We may continue ſafe, and be good Companions in Adverſity; let your Carriage be circumſpect, that he may not ſuſpect you for other than what you ſeem; ſo you may remain ſecure, whilſt I reſt firm guarded with my Innocency. Becauſe he has made you the Agent of his Love, you may feed him with Hope; for it will be dangerous to loſe thoſe Advantages he hopes from you. My Carriage unto him ſhall be followed by your Advice; and you may tell him what your Wiſdom and Reaſon accords to is convenient; always reſerving my Honour intire. And ſeeing *Orſamus*, I repoſe my Honour in your Truſt, look you do not fail my Confidence. O, Madam! (*reply'd* Orſamus) That Life which you ſet ſo high a Prize on is not worth the Care you take to preſerve it; but it were no Life were it not wholly at your Devotion; and being only yours I ſhall be careful not to caſt that Life uſeleſs away which is reſerved wholly and intire for your Intereſt. Your Commands ſhall lead me by the Hand, which I will execute as far as weary Life will go. For your Honour, he that's intruſted with ſuch a Treaſure, and Safeguards it not, let him live wretched, and deteſted die. 'Twere a Sin (*reply'd* Cynthia) to doubt your Fidelity (*taking more Kindneſs into her Eyes than they expreſs'd before*) and the Continuance may not go unrewarded. 'Tis not he that runs ſwifteſt, and then faints, but he that continues to the end of the Race, that wins the Prize.

Prize. But let us leave this Diſcourſe for time more agreeable, and conſider how to treat the Pyrate at his Return, which will not be long. I'll ſhew my ſelf ſomewhat kinder that he may conceive you have prevail'd ſomething in his Behalf: And this Kindneſs if my Expectations fail me not, ſhall purchaſe a Relation of his Life, which will for a ſmall time free me from his Importunities, and in ſome ſort diſſipate my Misfortunes, by the Hiſtory of his Diſaſters, ſince we naturally find a Pleaſure in the Rehearſal of paſt Miſeries. His Reſpect and Behaviour towards us ſhews him to be more than what he ſeems; yet this odious Courſe makes him ſeem leſs than what he is. His Life in my Apprehenſion muſt be monſtrous that walketh in a Way ſo unconmon.

In ſuch Diſcourſes they paſs'd away the ſmall Time of the Pyrate's Abſence. but Fortune ſoon took Care they ſhould not ſurfeit of their Joys, by haſtening his Return to the Cabbin. And having ſaluted *Cynthia* with much Reſpect as his Miſtreſs, and careſs'd *Orſamus* as her Brother, he ſeated himſelf to participate of their Diſcourſe, which he apprehended did tend to his Advantage.

He was opening his Mouth to ſpeak when the Fair Princeſs prevented him: And taking the Word with an Air repleat, with a Grace and Behaviour only peculiar to herſelf, ſhe began her Diſcourſe thus. 'Sir, your Kindneſs 'us'd to my Brother is no ſmall Obligation that 'I owe you, nor have you fail'd in your Purpoſe 'when you made him your Solicitor; ſince none 'can more perſwade my Inclination, or more 'freely diſpoſe of me, than he; yet he, I think

'will not agree to force my Will to what is re-
'pugnant. If I muſt Love, I would have a
'Subject worth my Affection. (Such may you
'be) if your Life have been regulated and
'guided by that Rule formerly as in this time
'ſince we have been your Priſoners. But the
'faireſt Fruit is not always pleaſant to the
'Taſte; nor will a wiſe Merchant purchaſe
'Commodities without a Trial. We may paint
'the Sun, but not his warm Influence; and the
'Fire but, not it's Heat. With a ſmall Trou-
'ble you may eaſe me of this Doubt, in re-
'lating your Extraction and Birth, and the
'fore-paſt Adventures of your Life.

This bold language of *Cynthia* put the Pyrate to his Dumps, knowing the Relation of his Life would diminiſh the Eſteem they had already conceived for him: And ſhould he give her a Denial he began to fear her firſt Reſolution: So that for a ſmall time his Thoughts were upon the Rack; and he ſate poſſeſs'd with a deep Silence; but at laſt recollecting himſelf, he made this Reply.

'Madam, ceaſe theſe horrible Reſolutions for
'I find it impoſſible to diſobey you; you ſhall
'be ſatisfied with a true Narration of the Diſ-
'aſters of a miſerable Wretch, injured by For-
'tune, and purſu'd by Fate, the Relation of
'which will ſet my Wounds bleeding afreſh, yet
'Madam, you ſhall be obeyed. Then prepare
'your ſelves with Attention to receive the Sa-
'tisfaction you deſire, whilſt I entertain you
'with the tragick Story of my Life, which if
'it cannot beget Love, it may produce Pity.

When

When *Orſamus* and *Cynthia* had ſeated themſelves with regard in Expectation of his Diſcourſe, after he had ſatisfy'd himſelf in ſome particular Nicéties and Scruples of his Diſcourſe with Sadneſs in his Looks and Actions he began as followeth.

The Tragical Hiſtory of Almerin *and* Deſdemona.

IN the *Mediterranean* Sea is ſituated an Iland call'd *Sicillia*, renown'd over the World for the ſweet wholeſomeneſs of the Air, and Fertility of the Soil; extol'd highly by Fame by that wonderful Mountain *Ætna*, there fix'd; which being always on the outſide cover'd with Snow, yet by a Sulpherous or Brimſtone Matter, doth continually burn within. Oftentimes the flame mounting upwards is ſo ſtrong, it brings up with it burnt and ſcorching Stones, and Pieces of hard Subſtances, which ſeems to be rent out of ſome Rock, to the great Terrour and Danger of the Beholder. Report has not been idle in proclaiming the known Rarieties of this Iſle; but above all, that ſo much fam'd City of *Syracuſe*, twenty-two Miles in Compaſs, Wall'd about with three ſtrong Walls, for their ſtrength and Security; watered with many ſweet Springs, adorn'd with many brave Gardens, and pleaſant Arbors: The Noble Buildings added to its Ga-

lantry, whose lofty Towers and Turrets seem'd to support the Skies, retaining a Majesty, and yielding a glorious Shew to the Eyes of the Beholders. It was the Mart Town of the Island, from whence Ships go out, and resort thither, to and from all Parts of the World, which mightily enriches the Inhabitants.

'Twas this City that gave me Being; altho' my Father had his Original out of *Norway*, a Kingdom far hence distant, towards the frozen North-Pole; his Inclinations being more to Travel strange Countries, than to live a quiet Life in his own; when the one begets nothing but Effeminateness and Sloth, and the other produces Experience and Valour. So that with his Father's Consent, he took his Journey, having well stor'd himself with Jewels and Money, Necessaries very needful for such a Voyage; in a few Years he rang'd over the greatest Part of *Africa* and *Asia*; where he saw the Famous Cities of *Grand Cairo* in *Egypt*, the City of *Jerusalem* in *Palestina*; where he did behold many rare Monuments, with the lofty Pyramids. Having pass'd through many large Dominions, at last he arrived at * *Constantinople*, the Imperial City of the Grecian Empire. Here he spent some time; and at last took Shipping there, to visit the Isles of the *Mediterranean* Sea; so that he came at last to the Famous Island of *Sicilia*, where the Pleasantness both invited and incited his longer Stay and Abode.

* *Bizantium.*

Where by strange Fortunes and unheard of Chances, he was made known unto King *Sanchedas*, who at that time had his Residence in *Syracuse*; in whose Affection in a small time he gain'd

gain'd so great an Esteem, as he gave him his own Kinswoman in Marriage, enrich'd him with several Lordships, made him one of his Councils, and Governor of the Famous City of *Syracuse*.

I was his only Son, and in this City I received both Life and Education, I liv'd with my Father in Garb befitting a Prince rather than a Governor's Son. All their Hope and Comfort they seem'd to treasure up in me. Thus I continu'd until I arriv'd at the Age of Sixteen Years, and became capable to receive the Impression of Love.

Small time had passed away afterwards before Fortune presented me an Object to beget it. For Fate had so decreed, that in a pleasant Garden belonging to the City, garnish'd with many private Walks, among which I had chosen out one for Privacy, to retire my self from the scorching Heat of the Sun, which began to climb to his Midday heighth. Here it was I went to seek Rest, and found eternal Disquiet. For by the Bank of a little Rivolet, which had a Thoroughfare, and many Turnings in the Garden, sate a most Beautiful Damsel, who had seated herself as it were to observe the decent gliding of the murmuring Stream. The Place where I had retir'd my self was so order'd by Nature, that I could see, yet remain unseen I neglected no time, but took a serious Observation of this Fair unknown: Her Years might be about Fourteen; her Stature not very Tall, but Comely; her Face the perfect Map of Beauty, where the Lillies and the Roses did seem to surpass in Glory what Dame Nature had ever fram'd, or Art had ever pertected: Her Eyes, like two resplendant Diamonds. Each

Part was ſo Amiable and Agreeable, that the moſt critical and curious Surveyor could not find an Error in her whole Compoſure, each Part ſympathizing in a ſweet Harmony; over which Nature had plac'd a Charm, which the moſt ſenſeleſs and obdurate Hearts cou'd not reſiſt, but of Neceſſity muſt ſubmit.

Thus, Madam, (*ſaid he, turning to* Cynthia) and more Fair you may imagine her to be, or think her like your ſelf, which ſeem to be the Maſter-piece of the Gods. And I vow to you, beſides the Faireſt *Deſdemona*, (*for ſo I learn'd afterwards ſhe was call'd*) I never yet ſaw any Beauty I might parallel or compare with yours. I beheld her with Amazement, for never before did my Eyes behold any thing ſo lovely: Yet that Amazement was accompany'd with a tranſport, which brought forth a delicious Raviſhment; and a Rapture of unuſual Joys began to devour that Poiſon I ſhould have expell'd. This fatal Minute was a Prologue to the Cataſtrophe of my Tragical Misfortunes, I fix'd my Eyes on her Face, with a timerous Diſturbance of my Spirits, when raiſing her Voice, with a bewitching Harmony, and a ſweet charming Melody, ſhe chanted this Song.

Oh happy time when Nature only ſway'd
And all did live in Innocency free:
When all did ſeem to rule, yet all obey'd,
And every one enjoy'd his Liberty:
When ſimple truth was thou't the higheſt skill
And to deceive a Friend the greateſt Ill.

But all things paſs as they had never been,
And Nature bring forth Monſters that rebel,
Deceit

Deceit is termed Wit, and not a Sin.
What once did Heaven ſeem, is now a Hell
Truth ſtands neglect ſcoff'd at with Diſgrace,
And being diſ-eſteem'd hides her Face.

Beauty is no Divinity I ſee,
As Falſhood would make ſilly Souls believe
Truth ſays it is a Map of Miſery,
That will the Owner ſuddenly deceive
And what a Goddeſs ſeems to us to Day,
Sickneſs or Death to Morrow ſweeps away.

He which admireth Beauty will confeſs,
That 'tis attended with a fatal Charm,
Which if not waited on with good Succeſs,
'Twill do the Owner that enjoys it Harm.
Riches and Beauty oft are made a Prize,
And robb'd by ſuch as call them Deities.

Thus undiſcry'd and unperceived, I was conquer'd by this unknown Beauty; and at that fatal Hour without Reſiſtance, I became her Slave, and with an unwilling Willingneſs reſolved to wear her Chains.

Thus I embrac'd a Paſſion, which ſince hath proved fatal to my Quiet, like young Novices in War, that thro' Raſhneſs become Reſolute, and without Conſideration ſeem to out-face the greateſt Dangers, not thinking on the Peril their Indiſcretion may purchaſe 'em, I embarked thus in ſtrange Seas, without a Pilot; and begun to travel the moſt unknown Ways without a Guide. Yet Nature was ſo kind to ſuggeſt to me, that in the Affairs of Love it was a Rule, where firſt we receive a Wound, there to endeavour a Remedy. And as Heat extinguiſhes

guiſhes Heat, and gives preſent Remedy to the Pain, ſo a return of Love gives ſudden Eaſe to the Terment, and a perfect Cure to the Malady Yet how to make my Addreſſes unto one, that till then I never ſaw, or talk of Love to her both ſeemed groſs: The firſt ſeemed too full of Confidence, and the other ſeem'd to ſavour much of Impudence.

But here Fortune ſupplied this Want, and at firſt ſeem'd to Court me, but 'twas only to drill me into greater Miſeries; for no ſooner ſaw her ariſe from the Place where ſhe ſat, but I made towards her, from the Place where I lay conceal'd; when behold, this charming Beauty was ſurpriz'd by an unknown Stranger, who with Expreſſions of Joy uttred theſe Words. *Fortune, I deſire thy further Malice, and dare my Fate to make a Second Relapſe in my Deſires.* So that by Force, in ſpight of her Reſiſtance, taking the delicate Body rudely in his Arms, he began with a more than ordinary Pace to convey her to a Neighbouring Thicket. My Eyes had never left her, but were wholly employed and fix'd on this inſolent Action, perform'd on ſo lovely a Creature. I needed no Solicitors but her Cries, to prepare me for a Revenge: And it was but a few Moments betwixt the Reſolution and the Execution; for with the utmoſt Diligence I purſu'd him by the ſame track I ſaw him paſs. Such Expedition I made, that my Haſte outwent his Speed, and my Fury overtook him before I had time to conſult with Reaſon: So that without demanding any Queſtions, I ran him thro' the Body, and he not having disburthen'd himſelf of his Fair Prey, fell down, claſping her in his deadly Arms.

The

The First thing I did was to free her from him, which with some Trouble perform'd. After I had set her at Liberty from that Danger, and her frightned Spirits returned to her again, she fell down at my Feet, and embracing my Knee, Sir, *(said she)* this sudden Assistance persuades me to Esteem you as the Genius of my better Fortune, since you have by timely Redemption preserv'd what is more precious to me, than that we prize most dear.

Her Tears, and sweet Speeches transformed me from my usual Temper; and I could not behold her in that mournful Posture, without participating in her Sorrows. So that taking her up in my Arms, I return'd her this Answer: Madam, I rejoice that the Destines have made me so Fortunate in making me the happy Cause of preserving you. If I have obliged you in this Action I have a Satisfaction above what I cou'd hope, and Fortune has been kind above my Wishes, since few Minutes have passed when I was to seek for such an Opportunity to manifest my Affection. O Madam! Blame me not when I reveal I love you. And prove not cruel to one, that adores you. If you think I have oblig'd you, Oh! pay it in Love, and I shall soon become the Debtor: And talk not of Death when the Gods detest the Propositions; but think, lovely Creature, if so much Beauty can be without Pity, and yield no Redress to my Love, see Beauteous Lady, Death will be kinder than you, and yield a Remedy when you deny it.

This said, (*with an Action wholly passionate*) I set my Sword against my Breast, saying, Here, Madam, is that, that will yield Relief in

Necessity;

Neceſſity; and ſeeing I cannot live without your Love, I'll endeavour in Death to gain your Pity: And if my Love be become an Offence, this very Sword ſhall make Satisfaction, and deſtroy that Life that gave it Birth. She no ſooner ſaw this deſperate Offer at my Life, but caſting an Eye of Pity on my Raſhneſs, Oh, hold (ſays ſhe) that fatal Weapon, the Cruel Diſturber of my Quiet! And think, who'er you be, what an Error I muſt commit in yielding to love one that till this Moment I never ſaw; and how I ſhall forget Paternal Duty to give my ſelf away without their Knowledge. Conſider what an Obligation will lye on you, when I rely upon your Promiſe of Fidelity to preſerve my Honour intire; and how the Gods will puniſh you if you prove Perjur'd.

Vertuous Lady (*reply'd I*) you wrong my Love to think it baſe, and my Integrity to imagine I may prove unconſtant. No, no, Madam; your Charms are too ſtrong to be rivall'd by any other Object, and Affection too entire to be deceived by any other Beauty. Becauſe you ſhall not be obliged to love one you know not, and to eſteem one that till this Minute you never ſaw; to diſperſe thoſe Doubts, know my Name is *Almerin*, the only Son of *Artemidorus* Governour of this famous City of *Syracuſe*: never before unfortunate, if you prove Pitileſs; nor never before this Time happy, if you become kind. Madam, if I ever endeavour to violate your Honour, or think to commit ſo great a Sacriledge on your Virtue, let all the Gods rain down Vengeance on my Head for my Diſloyalty, and let the Heavens be Witneſs to what I promiſe.

Oh,

Oh hold! (*quoth she*) Swear not by that: Cankers may eat a Flower on the Stalk; the ſcratch of a Pin may ſoon deface it; and when in theſe Cheeks and Lips which you extol ſo high, ſhall not be left red enough to bluſh at Perjury, when you ſhall make it, what will become of me then?

O Madam! (*reply'd I*) Ceaſe thoſe Doubts, and diſſipate ſuch needleſs Fears: The Sun ſhall as ſoon falter in his Career, the Stars drop from their Places, where they have of old been fix'd the Earth ſhall remove, Nature ſhall alter her Courſe, and all Impoſibilities ſhall be performed, when I prove Diſloyal.

Theſe Proteſtations did give her ſome Satisfaction; and prevail'd ſo far with her, that ſhe ſuffer'd me to enjoy the Priviledge to accompany her to her Parents Houſe, which was within the City. When we came thither ſhe gave her Friends to underſtand the timely Aſſiſtance I gave her; as alſo my Birth and Quality, and Authority in the City. They no ſooner receiv-ed this Relation from their Daughter but they bade me Welcome, and carreſſed me with the greateſt Endearments. My Entertainment was extraordinary; but the Kindneſs beſtow'd on me was not after the lofty Court mode, but moſt familiarly, as if I had been a near Relation unto them, and gave me thanks in the moſt obliging Terms for the Kindneſs conferr'd on their Daughter, which I could not receive without a Bluſh. Here it was I learned his Name was *Philaſter*, an aged Knight, that had lived there many Years, that his fair Daughter was his only Child, whoſe Name was *Deſdemona*.

In

In ſeveral Diſcourſes we paſſed away the Time while Supper laſted, where the chiefeſt Delicates I fed on was *Deſdemona*'s Beauty: And indeed it was ſhe alone made all Things ſeem Pleaſant.

Supper being ended, and the Evening far ſpent, I began to prepare for my Departure. After I had bade Farewel to the Old Knight and his Lady; I began to order my ſelf to take Leave of the faireſt *Deſdemona*, and in this manner I accoſted her. 'Faireſt of Creatures 'let not Abſence beget a Neglect in my Love, 'but think of the Torments I endure: And tho' 'Neceſſity inforces me to leave you, yet think 'how all Places will ſeem a Hell when you are 'abſent; and that you bring a Heaven of Feli-'licities when ever your fair ſelf doth appear. 'O *Deſdemona*! I muſt leave you: Yet ſhall 'I tell you, a poor Criminal never went to 'Execution with more Reluctancy than this 'cruel Parting ſeems to me, ſince I muſt leave 'all my Happineſs with you, and go away ac-'companied only with my Torments and Mi-'ſeries'. I had proceeded farther, but I ſaw ſome attentive, to underſtand what I ſaid.

Deſdemona return'd me no Anſwer, but a Bluſh. And after I had with an Extaſy ſealed a Kiſs on her fair Hand I took my leave; yet not before the Old Knight and his Lady deſired me that I would honour them ſo much as to further oblige them with my Viſits. This Compliment over, I was conducted, and accompanied by them all to the Door, where ſtood a Chariot richly adorned to convey me to my Father's Houſe. Here it was I parted from them, and bid the firſt Farewel to my

ſelf.

ſelf. I was no ſooner arriv'd at my Father's Houſe. but I was welcomed with the greateſt Kindneſſes that might be; my Preſence diverting the Fears of any Dangers that might befal me. They began to enquire how I paſt away the Evening ſo late; but I had a Story ready that gave them Satisfaction. After a while I gave them the Goodnight, and betook my ſelf to my Reſt.

But ſmall Reſt, Heaven knows, it was I could take: My Fancy form'd the Idea of fair *Deſdemona*; and 'twas only them Thoughts that did give a ſmall Ceſſation to my Torments. If *Morpheus* had intic'd me to a Slumber, immediately her fair Figure would appear. Here it was I did with an Extaſy of Joy go to embrace this Fair Idea of my Misfortunes, when behold I claſped the brittle Air, and with my Sleep would the Fair Phantiſm vaniſh. Oh, how often did I wiſh I might expire in ſuch pleaſing Falſhoods: Yet the Gods deem'd me not ſo happy a Lot.

In this ſort I paſs'd away the Time, thinking the Night exceeded its uſual length, exclaiming againſt *Phœbus* for his ſluggiſh Approach; and yet when he did appear, how often have I wiſh'd his Abſence: So that Night ſeem'd a Vexation, and Day a Torment. Some Two Days paſſed, and what for want of taking Suſtenance in the Day, and for want of Reſt in the Night, My Spirits began to decay, and my Body became ſore-weakened, my Colour faded away, and my youthful Vigour abated, ſo that in a few Hours I became only a Shadow of what I was, and an Emblem of what I had been: My careful Parents wonder'd at this ſudden Alter-

lteration and Change : The Phyſicians were ſent for, but their Conjectures came far ſhort of the Diſeaſe; every one gave his Judgment as Fancy and Opinion gave them Birth, but all came ſhort of the Symptoms of my Diſeaſe. My careful Parents never forſook my Pillow, ſeeking to ſearch out the Cauſe of this Diſtemper, that ſo they might provide a Remedy.

Perhaps you wonder I did not reveal my Love to them at ſuch a time when there was a Poſſibility of having my Deſigns granted.

Faireſt Lady (ſaid he, looking upon *Cynthia*) you will not marvel, nor have occaſion to blame me, when you underſtand that about Six Weeks before I was betrothed by my Parents Conſent to a Fair Damſel, nam'd *Artemeſis*, Second Daughter to the Earl of *Palermo*. Indeed I think ſhe was more Noble than Fair, yet her Beauty was not ſo mean but it might have ſatisfied my Nicety, had I never beheld the bewitching Charms of Fair *Deſdemona*. 'Twas to this Fatal Marriage I was deſtinated a Victim to my Parents Wills, not my Deſires. I knew my Father to be a Man too Paſſionate, and not to be altered by Perſwaſions in his Proceedings. Beſides, this Marriage ſeem'd to augment and agree with his Ambition; and his being allay'd to ſo great a Lord, no mean Honour. He was obſtinate in his Humours, nor could Reaſon make him reverſe what he had decreed; but eſpecially thoſe he imagined did tend to further and advance his aſpiring Ambition. Theſe were ſuch infallible Truths as I well knew by his Conſent would never be revoked. Theſe were the unhappy Cauſes that

I did not reveal to them the Affection I had for the Fair *Deſdemona*.

As from one Extream doth iſſue a ſecond more dreadful than the firſt; ſo from this Fewel of Love did proceed a burning Fever, more fearful and violent than the former. This was viſible to the Eye of Nature, ſo that the Phyſicians by their Skill and Induſtry removed the Cauſe before it could take any deep Effect and perform'd the Cure before ever the Diſeaſe had taken root.

As nothing continues always in one State and Condition, ſo my Deſtemper began to abate, and my weaken'd Body began to recover a little Strength; yet in my Mind I received no Comfort, ſince my deareſt Phyſician was abſent. *Phœbus* had ſcarce run his Career Thrice in this Upper World, and lodged himſelf in the Weſtern Ocean, but I left my Bed; and although I was extream feeble, yet I did endeavour to walk: And the firſt ſmall Journey I made, was ſecretly to *Deſdemona*. I had no ſooner ſet my Face towards that Part of the City, but mark the wonderful Effects of Love? although my Body was weak, yet methoughts in every Step I went towards her I receiv'd new Strength;

When I was arrived, and entred the Houſe my Body became as if it had been inſpired with a new Soul; and well it might, ſince it was there alone the Felicity and Content, which was the Extaſy and Rapture of my Soul, did reſide. Which Imagination did beget a ſweet Raviſhment of Pleaſures: So that the want of what I had ſo long deſir'd had ſet the greater Value of what I then enjoy'd;

Such

Such unthought of Alteration had my ſmall Time of Sickneſs begotten on me, that none in the Houſe could hardly gueſs or diſcern what I might be; but them Thoughts were ſilenced when I reveal'd my ſelf: So that they ſeemed to be poſſeſſed with Amazement rather than with Unbelief. In a few Moments all their Suſpicions were vaniſh'd, ſo that I was entertain'd with their accuſtomed Kindneſſes. In a few Moments fair *Deſdemona* did appear; and although ſhe was forewarn'd by ſome in the Houſe, yet in her firſt Approach ſhe could not contain from Wonder. She bade me welcome as Deliverer, not as Lover! yet did her Eyes ſpeak Pity to my Diſaſters; and then her Looks ſeem'd a Sovereign Balſam to expel the worſt of Miſeries: What ſhall I ſay, 'twas here my Sickneſs took its Birth, and 'twas here I had the only Remedy to expel it.

After Dinner the old Knight and his Lady, with fair *Deſdemona*, invited me to take a Walk into a fair Garden adjoyning to their houſe beautified with ſhady Arbours. Where Nature was holpen by Art to make the Work more exquiſite: And was adorn'd with many pleaſant Walks.

But in the midſt of the Garden was a Houſe of Pleaſure, the faireſt for Workmanſhip that ever I beheld, ſo that Nature grew envious that Art ſhould excell her; endeavouring with fine ſhady Trees, and what ſweet Summers Livery wears, to conceal it from the Eyes of the Spectators, when the pretty Birds that harbour in thoſe Boughs, ſeem to croſs her Intents with their Melodious Notes; inviting the Eyes of the Beholder not to leave ſo rare a Work unſeen.

Into

Into this Garden I accompany'd them, where we had some Discourse on different Subjects, which I think impertinent, and nothing relating to the Story of my Life. Thus having passed away some time, *Philaster* and his Lady retir'd themselves into the House of Pleasure before related, and left *Desdemona* only to entertain me. This Opportunity fell out above my Thoughts; and being unwilling to lose so fair a time, as we walk'd along the Alleys I began this Discourse.

Fairest *Desdemona*, I can't tell whether I should say you are more kind than cruel; or whether you are more fair than I am miserable. See, my divine Lady, behold I die alive: and what is more cruel than a living Death? Can't you pity one that dies for Love? Oh, pierce my Heart! It is the nobler way; and let me not live in such Torments.

Sir *(said she)* I am not insensible of your love, nor do I take any Pleasure in your Torments; I wou'd I could perform the one as willingly as I can the other, you should not languish for a Remedy; if a return of Love and Compassion can give you ease, I can pity: If that be too low, I can grieve: If this will not do, think, Sir, in what Bands you are bound not to violate my Honour. Oh! Seek not to ruin this, and command all Things besides I am able to perform.

O Madam *(reply'd he)* Heaven send all those Punishments on my Head I so lately did invocate if I inted Dishonour to your Person. No Madam, 'Tis lawful Martiage I desire: And what is more honourable? This Way you may securely give a Cessation to my Torments, and

not

not injure your Chaſtity. Oh! Think if you can pity, as you give me to underſtand you can, be not cruel to let me pine away with Sorrow, when you are the only Phyſician that can give a Remedy.

I had ſcarce finiſh'd theſe laſt Words, but Old *Philaſter*, with his Lady, left the Place where they had remain'd this ſmall time of our Diſcourſe; and their too ſudden Approach robb'd me of *Deſdemona*'s Anſwer. So that we made towards them; and joyning our Company and Diſcourſe with theirs, we paſſed away the reſidue of that time; Fortune not offering me that Day another Opportunity where I might with Secrecy renew our aforeſaid Diſcourſe. After a while we left our Diverſions; *Philaſter* forſook the Garden, and we attended him in, where we ſpent the Remainder of that Day, which my Imaginations told me, did ſteal too ſwiftly away, ſince forſook my deareſt happineſs, and muſt be forc'd to part from my faireſt *Deſdemona*. After ſalutations paſs'd with the old Lady, I went and took my leave of my Charmer. And altho' my Deſires were fruſtrated, and my intentions prevented, of ſpeaking unto her. by reaſon of her Parents being preſent, yet my Eyes and Countenance ſecretly ſpoke the Language of my Heart; as far as I could conceive I did not find ſhe had any Averſion for my love; neither could I perceive in her Countenance and Looks, or in any of her Actions, ſhe did bewray any diſlike to my Proceedings: But I found her not like your lofty Dames, ſcornful and diſdainful, but the contrary.

With this hope of my good Fortune I gave *Philaſter* the good-night and return'd ſecretly home to my Father's, whe e they all wonder'd at my long Abſence, yet glad to ſee me recover'd ſo well, wondring from whence the Cauſe of ſo ſudden a Sickneſs ſhou'd ariſe, as alſo at ſo unordinary a Recovery: But leaving them to ſurmiſe on Conjectures, to learn out that which as yet they did not know, I went to my Chamber where I paſs'd away the Night in a different manner from what I had formerly done, my Hopes now having overcome my Deſpairs, and comply'd with all things that might jump with my Deſires. In ſuch pleaſing Thoughts the Hours paſs'd away; yet not ſo ſwift but I could number them, and think them ſlow in going.

Titan by her Abſence gave warning of her Brother's Approach; and *Phœbus* had ſcarce ſaluted the Eaſtern Parts of the World with his deſired Preſence, but I aroſe and attired my ſelf with a more than ordinary Curioſity; building many hopes in Expectation of what the following Day might bring forth, which now began to grow a little aged; and the hour approach'd wherein Viſits are accuſtomed to be given; ſo that I took my Way to *Philaſter*'s Houſe. As my Viſits became more common, I was eſteemed a leſs Stranger, and my Entertainment was more familiar and friendly: ſo that after ſo Diſcourſe had paſſed, and the Sun with his warm Beams began to climb to his Meridian heighth, I requeſted the Favour of *Philaſter*, that I might take the Priviledge to paſs ſome ſmall time away in his fair Garden. Which requeſt was kindly granted, himſelf in-

intending to accompany me; when behold, as we were entering the Garden, he was ſent for by a Meſſenger, that inform'd him that his Brother did attend him, deſiring ſome Conferences with him about earneſt Occaſions that would not admitt of Delay, ſo after pleading Neceſſity for his untimely parting, he left me.

Half an Hour had not paſs'd ſince I enter'd the Garden but I ſaw fair *Deſdemona*; who, ſent by her Father to entertain me in his Abſence. I made towards her with much Reſpect, and ſhe accoſted me with as kind a Reception, with ſuch Innocency as might ſeem to bring in compaſs the Extravagant Thoughts of any but my ſelf; for they yielded Fewel to my unbounded Deſires, and every Action of hers became an Oyl to augment it, till it began to blaze into a Flame; which not extenuated, muſt need-conſume in it ſelf.

Here it was we betroth'd our ſelves each to other, and regiſter'd our Vows in Heaven before the Divine Deities. Here it was I could not bound my Joys, and conſequently my Paſſion; ſo that I could not refrain from folding her delicate Body in my Arms, giving and receiving many a ſweet Kiſs on her Ruby Lips. In this Rapture of Raviſhment we ſpent the time, till *Sol*, with his Scourching Beams, forc'd us to retire into that pretty Houſe of Pleaſure, (before-mentioned.) This proved a Defence againſt the Heat, and a Covert to act our Loves more ſecurely. Here we did double our Kiſſes and Embraces, while the pretty Birds did ſeem to participate in my happineſs. Yet like a poor decay'd Man, who would think himſelf happy in the Poſſeſſion of a ſmall Eſtate

which

which when he obtains he reſts not there, but is ſtill aſpiring to whatever is above him; and at laſt climbs to ſo great heighth, that to continue is dangerous, and to fall is a moſt certain ruin. This was a lively Similitude of my Condition, wherein I did then remain: Them Favours ſhe then conferr'd on me cou'd not yield content and ſatisfaction to my Deſires, but ſerved only to beget a Confidence to preſume to purchace greater, and aſpire to higher Filicities. So that from the familiar Converſation I began to requeſt the Fruition of that Love I then enjoy'd: And following my Requeſt with ſuch Intreaties and Importunities with a Promiſe of never-failing Fidelity, urged by ſuch ſtrong Perſuaſions, and reſiſted with ſuch faint Denials, that I came to the yielding up of that Fort which the greateſt Kings might envy me the Conqueſt of: In the Enjoyments of which Imperial Monarchs would have accounted it the higheſt Felicity: All which was wholly proſtrated to my raging Paſſion, and luſtful Deſires. The Kiſſes Embraces and Endearments were almoſt numberleſs, our Diſcourſe treating wholly of our Loves and fervent Affections of the Day of Marriage. Thus we ſpent our time in a Paradice of Pleaſures; paſſing them few Minutes we ſtay'd there in ſuch Felicity as might well be termed the chiefeſt Happineſs of Lover's Bliſs.

'But the ſweet blooming Roſe is not pluck'd 'without a Thorn, nor the deareſt Pleaſure 'reaped without Diſcontent: They are Ho'ney in the Mouth, but Gall in the Belly; 'ſweet in the Taſte, but bitter in the Digeſtion. Such was the Fruition and Enjoyment of my

deareſt *Deſdemona* to me; a Moment of Happineſs, attended by an Age of Sorrow: So that Pleaſure ſerves only to make my Calamity more mournful, and the Felicity I have loſt, to make me the Loſer more wretched.

'*Hanibal*, the Brave *African* Conqueror, is 'prais'd, in that he knew how to gain Victo-'ries, but diſcommended, becauſe he could not 'ſecure them: Loſing by Indiſcretion what by 'Diſcretion he had ſo bravely gain'd. Such was my Misfortune! I knew how to purchaſe Happineſs, but not to continue it. 'Such is 'the Folly of poor Mortals: One runs after 'Riches, and with great Care and Pains ob-'tains the Felicity of his Deſires, which is ſoon 'forgotten in the Poſſeſſion. Another follows 'Honour, as the Elixir of his Hopes, which 'ſoon fades in the Enjoyment. A third hunts 'after Beauty, as the *Eliſian* of his Content, 'which vaniſhes in the Fruition. Thus we play with Happineſs till it is loſt unto us; and feed ſo greedily on our Pleaſures till being over-cloy'd we loſe our Hopes and Senſe of the Felicity we enjoy, and then too late we repent of our Ignorance and Folly, and prize the worth of that which is loſt unto us above the Eſteem we had when we did enjoy it.

'O fatal Emblem of my Misfortunes, and 'unfortunate Similitude of my Miſeries! To 'prize too late the Jewel of my Soul, which I 'have loſt by Forgetfulneſs and Neglect! Re-'pentance comes too late; or if it did not I 'could not expect a Pardon. O my deareſt '*Deſdemona!* Which ſeemeſt lovely in the 'Grave! Whoſe Remembrance muſt be ſweet unto me, tho thou lyeſt forgotten in the Duſt.

Heer

Here the Senſe of Grief put a Stop to his Diſcourſe while he fixed his Eyes careleſly on the Ground. *Orſamus* and *Cynthia* beheld each other with Amazement in their Looks, in Expectation of the Iſſue of his Diſcourſe, which he uſher'd in with ſo bad a Prologue, and ſo Mournful an Action and Geſture.

By this time *Almern* had recollected his Thoughts and raiſing his Eyes from the Ground, where the Time of his Extaſy they had continu'd unmov'd and fixing them on *Cynthia*, *Madam*, (ſaid he) *Can you pardon this abrupt failing in my Diſcourſe, occaſion'd by a Tranſport of Grief, in the remembrance of my former Felicities in the Relation I have already given you compared with what I muſt now relate unto you?* 'As Hunger make the meaneſt Fare ſweet 'and delicious to the Taſte, ſo the Senſe of 'Sorrow produces Felicity more lovely, and 'makes us prize every petty Happineſs at its 'true Worth: Grief is like the Sun at its go-'ing down, which yields our Shadows in the 'Evening more great and monſtrous than they 'are, which when Day was in its Glory did 'ſcarce appear. Like a proſpective Glaſs, which 'afar off yields the Object at an unuſual big-'neſs, which being removed to a nearer diſt-'ance we can hardly diſcern. *Such* (Madam) *will be the reſidue of my Diſcourſe; which will only ſerve as a Mirrour to make my Loſs ſeem more lovely, and the Grief I now poſſeſs more fearful and dreadful.*

But to defer your Expectation no longer, I'll go forward in my Diſcourſe, and give you to underſtand, that after I had quitted Old *Philaſter's* Hoſpitality and Kindneſs with the Theft of his Daughter's Honour; and againſt the Vows I had made, by Inticements and Deceit, I had forgotten the faireſt Jewel in *Deſdemona's* Wardrobe, we ſaw him and his Lady enter the Garden. With all Expedition we forſook our Delights, and deſcended down a Private Pair of Stairs, unſeen of them, being ſhaded by the friendly Trees, which in the time of our Delights ſeem'd to ſtand as Watchmen to defend us, and now a Screen to ſecure us. This way we paſs'd leaſt they might ſuſpect what indeed was true, and ſo prepar'd to meet 'em; and having paſs'd ſome ſecret Alleys, we met 'em as accidentally. Here we joined Company and Diſcourſe with them, and paſſed away the reſidue of Time till Dinner was brou't in; upon which Notice given we left the Garden, and ſpent the remainder of that Day altogether in ſeveral ſorts of Diverſion, till Night began to approach, and require my Abſence; to that Neceſſity urg'd my Departure; and returning them many Thanks for their Civilities and Kindneſſes, I took my leave of *Philaſter* and his Lady; and having ſaluted *Deſdemona* with a Promiſe of a ſudden Return, to require her in Marriage of her Parents, according to my Vows in the Garden, I left her, and with her all my Joys.

In my Way homeward my Spirits began to grow dul and heavy, my Mind became ſad and Melancholly; I found my ſelf fearful, yet knew

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no Cauſe I had to fear: On the ſudden, Three Drops of Blood deſtill'd from my Noſe, a Hare thwarted my Way, and a Night-Raven came croaking, and with her diſmal Note hovered over my Head. This confirm'd me in my Augury that ſomething ominous and fatal did attend me, yet I knew not from whence it could proceed. 'Had forgot to look up to Heaven, 'and conſider I ſtood a Criminal there; but 'began to conſider what might proceed from 'meaner and lower Cauſes; not conſidering 'that Heaven makes all things, in this Ball of 'Clay the Earth, ſerve a Puniſhments to the 'Wicked: ſometimes ſo ſtra ge and intricate 'his Divine Working is, that the Puniſhment 'is bouud up with the Pleaſure; as it happen'd 'now with me.

For I no ſooner arrived at my Father's Houſe but I found him inquiſitive above his uſual manner, to know where I had paſs'd away my Time theſe three Days paſt; my Abſence having begotten a ſuſpicion in him of what indeed was true, and my ſudden Sickneſs, ſeconded with as quick a Recovery, did confirm him: So that ſeeing me well recover'd, and almoſt in as good a State of Health as when I firſt fell Sick, he began his Diſcourſe to me in this manner.

Son (ſaid he) *your ſudden Health cannot give me more Joy than the extraordinary Cauſe gives me Suſpicion, leſt in your Carriage, which hath been ſo reſerved to me, you ſhould act any thing which ſhould fall contrary to my Intentions and Deſires. You know the time will draw ſhortly near when you muſt marry your contracted Bride, Fair* Artemeſia; *one which is a Fortunate as Fair, and as Wiſe as Fortunate: One, my Son that will*

raiſe thee to a high Eſteem of high Honours which is the Miſtreſs young Gallants Court. And by the Alliance of ſo great a Lord we ſhall be made ſhot-free againſt the ſtrongeſt Batteries of Fortune.

This Diſcourſe ſo contrary to my Expectation, and Deſires, and ſo fatal to my Love, aſſur'd me of the doleful Preſages of ſo unhappy a Beginning: So that theſe Forerunners of my Misfortunes did portend and foretel ſome cruel Alteration and ſudden Change in my preſent Eſtate of Happineſs. Reaſon could now tell me, though too late, that in all the Viciſſitudes and Changes of Fortunes, having once arrived at the chief Felicity we fix'd on, as our only Object, we fairly deſcend by theſe Steps by which we firſt did aſcend. Nay, Fortune is ſometimes ſo cruel as not to allow them that Leiſure; but envying them the Felicity they have purchas'd, throw them down headlong from their Happineſs, and cruelly breaks the Neck of their Hope. This taught me to know, nay more, to miſtruſt and fear, that from the Fruition of *Deſdemona's* Beauty and Love I ſhou'd reap but a poor Harveſt; and that my Promiſes would exceed my Incomes: Not that I could think my ſelf unfortunate in the Enjoyment of my *Deſdemona's* Love; but contrary, I thought my ſelf wretched in the many Stops, Dangers, Caſualties, Fears and Accidents, which began to ſhew themſelves as obſtructions, to hinder me from the Continuance of ſo ſweet a Felicity. Theſe things I travers'd in my Thoughts; ſo that at laſt I began to dare his utmoſt Anger, and reſolv'd to ſtand the Charge of it rather than conceal my Love; well knowing if it were once reveal'd I ſhould be rid of

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the Fear that did always wait on the ſecret concealing of it.

Having fix'd on Thoughts as my laſt Reſolves, putting my ſelf in a Poſture and Action that might rather perſuade his Pity than his Anger, *Sir*, (ſaid I) *Your Suſpicions are not grounded amiſs if you ſuſpect I Love; and if I be a Criminal in making it a Secret unto you, forgive and pardon me when I ſhall make you a real Confeſſion. Yes, Sir, I do love, and with that Ardour and Affection, with that Conſtancy and Fidelity, as Death cannot divert my Inclinations: And ſhou'd you make a Separation, or imagine an Alteration, know, Sir, my Vows are regiſtred in Heaven with the Divine Deities; which if you once endeavour to violate expect the Puniſhments may attend your Endeavours. You may command my Life, ſince you gave it me; but not my Soul, it is a Gift of the Gods.*

This Diſcourſe, utter'd with as much Boldniſs as Confidence, began to raiſe a Storm in my Father's Countenance; for the Form of his Viſage began to overcaſt with Frowns, and all his Actions became clouded over with Anger. So that caſting a frowning Look on me, enough to daunt me, had not my Love made me Proof againſt his Fury, and confident to ſuſtain his utmoſt Charge.

Villain, (reply'd he) *and Shame to thy Blood! Dare you juſtify and vindicate that which is contrary to my Intentions? Or can your Diſobedience own what I have an Averſion againſt? Shall my Hope be thwarted by your Extravant Youth, and my Purpoſes fruſtrated by your ill-plac'd Love?*

Curse on your wilful Obstinacy, which puts me into this unusual Passion; and your boldness, that durst give me this Relation. Ungovern'd young Man! Can you think this giddy-headed Youth, subject to all Passions, and pliable to all Impressions, should better know how to govern his Passions, and direct his Actions, than his Aged Sire? Can he better chuse for his Good, than one who hath so often been acquainted and concern'd with the Vicissitudes and Changes of this Nature? No, no, young Man, you yet want experience, which is always the best School-master, and the Mistress of Understanding. Your youth is unruly, and like a head-strong Horse that will run himself on any Dangers, without he be surely curb'd: So you grow bold and impudent; daring any Precipice so you may possess your unbounded Desires. But know I'll curb you in from these Extravagancies, and restrain you from these wild wandering Thoughts: And if I have been too indulgent, for the future you shall find me as severe. And so avoid my Sight, that by the want of Duty are become a Grief to my Eyes, and a Vexation to my Soul; and see that at our next Meeting you shew not the least Aversion against your Mariage with Artemesia; *but that you bound your Love and Desires in the Compass of my Will, and that you tread no strange Path, but that you reform and recollect your self first, by taking your Rules from me; and not resolutely to run your self headling to Ruin, and me to Dishonour: But if you have any extravagant love, destroy it whilst it is young in the Bud; and learn to forget it before you come to the Knowledge of what it is. Return no Answer to justify what I must condemn, but regulate your Ways and Life by my Directions; and having so sure a Guide you cannot*

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err, or go astray. But if you continue still obstinate and audacious in your Proceedings you shall find I'll disinherit you both of my Love and Estate and make account of you but as a Stranger, and a Rebel to my Blood.

Having said this he left me and departed, But alass! How can I describe to you the Grief that did seize on me at that Time when *Desdemona* came to my Remembrance, and my Father's Cruelty was fresh in my Memory! Oh, how was I torn between Love and Duty! Now it was that Love led me in a Maze so difficult and intricate, that my best endeavours could not keep me from Ruin. To go forward was dangerous, but to return backwards did shew more Perilous.

'Like a poor Traveller in a desert Wilder-
'ness, pursued by a Fearful, Hungery, Lean-
'jaw'd Beast, who in most fearful Manner al-
'ways follows him to devour him. The poor
'Man thinks by his strong Travel to avoid
'the Evil Beast that still follows him; but be-
'ing quite beaten out by long Travel and Fear,
'he stands in a Maze; to go out of his Way is
'grievious, and to return back is present death.
'Affighted with his Danger, he endeavours
'by Craft (as his last Remedy) to deceive the
'Beast in his Pursuit. By chance he espies a
'deep Pit by the Way side, and a little below
'the Pit's brim grows a Twig, which the poor
'Man seeing, goes and takes hold of the Twig,
'thinking thereby to avoid the Beast; but then
'casting his Eyes down to the Bottom of the
'Pit, he sees a number of Serpents, Dragons,
'and other venemous Beast, waiting for his
'Fall to devour him; then casting his Eyes up

' he ſees the hungry, lean-jaw'd Beaſt gnawing ' aſunder the Twig that he holds by; whereby ' he is bereſt of all Hope and Help, and left ' to his devouring Enemies.

Such, Madam, was my deſperate Condition: My ſweeteſt Hopes began to leave me, Horrour and diſpair began to poſſeſs me, and Fear raiſed out of the Expectation of a more happy Change. This confirm'd me in the ominous Preſage that did befal me in my return homeward from my deareſt *Deſdemona*.

How uncertain is Felicity that is raiſed on an uncertain Foundation! It is as ſoon ras'd as rais'd, as ſoon deſtroy'd as founded. Such was mine; who not two Hours before did imagine the Deſtinies could not work a change in my Happineſs, found now by Experience the Mutability and Alteration of Earthly Felicities, in finding my ſelf Miſerable, that in ſo ſmall a Time before eſteem'd my ſelf happy above the Reach of Fortune.

After I had well weigh'd and conſider'd all the Difficulties on either ſide that might befal me, I reſolved at laſt that my love ſhou'd reign ſupream, and remain entire to Fair *Deſdemona*; but yet withal, that I would ſhew a yielding Conſent to my Father's Will in my Marriage with *Artemeſia*; and like to a Waterman, that Row one way, and look another, yet bring the Boat to the deſired Place; ſo I endeavour'd by this Policy, ſeeming to accord with my Father's Deſires, when my Inclinations roved a contrary Courſe; and whilſt openly I did comply with him, inwardly I might procure my own Content; flattering my ſelf, that as Fortune had made ſo ſudden a Change in my happi-

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neſs, in ſome ſmall time ſhe might beget as great an Alteration in my Misfortunes, and at laſt bring me to the Period of my Deſires; Of which, though I had ſmall Cauſe to hope, yet I did not wholly deſpair, ſince I did daily behold as great Mutations and Changes happen.

I did further reſolve not to acquaint *Deſdemona* with my Father's Reſolutions leſt it might beget her diſcontent, which would more diſturb my own Quiet. My Intentions now were quite alter'd, and I began to repent my fooliſh Raſhneſs, in revealing what I ſhou'd have kept ſecret. But now I did intend to conceal my Paſſion for the future, ſince I had only given Manifeſtation of my Love, and not of the Perſon belov'd, which I did expound as one happy Preſage of my more fortunate Proceedings. This way I had fix'd on, ſince I had no other wherein I might walk with more Security. Nor did my Hopes altogether fail me; for by my crafty Wiles, the next time I accoſted my Father, I had ſet ſo ſtrange a Face on my former Proceedings, ſhewing my ſelf ſo dutiful and pliant to all his Intents and Purpoſes, as begat Wonder in him when he did behold it. He queſtion'd of me who this Object might be, to whom I did ſhew ſo great, and ſeem'd to have ſo firm an Affection not long ſince, which now I did ſeem to ſlight.

I underſtood very well the Subtleneſs and Craft he us'd, and how like my ſelf his Actions were working one Way, and his Deſires another, but both agreeing to intrap me in my deareſt Secrets. But *Old Birds are not caught with Chaff*; for he could not ſo cloſely work his Mine to deceive me, but I as privately made

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my Countermine to blow up; which I perform'd in this Manner.

'Sir, (*reply'd I,*) you are too Passionate in 'in your last Discourse; and what I proposed 'only to try your Inclinations, how you would 'have allowed of a Change, if I could have ad-'mitted of an Alteration, this you took to be a 'Verity, and too severely rebuk'd me for what 'was only Fiction; not allowing me one Mo-'ment of Time, wherein I might disabuse you 'in your Error, and ask you Pardon for my o-'ver-confident Presumption, in raising so great 'a Tempest from so small a Cause, and that I 'have not, nor ever will, fix my Affections 'without your Approbation.

This Compliance to his Will, so contrary to his Expectations, began to work Wonders in his Mind, when my Artifice had perswaded him that all my former Discourses and Protestations were meer Deceit; so that instead of continuing so fierce in his Proceedings he became more mild, his Choler abated, he left accusing me, and began to excuse himself. I soon hold of this Opportunity, aggravating his Mistake yet by all ways wherein any likelihood did appear exempting my self from Blame. And so fast did I insinuate my self into his Soul of my Innocence in the Cause that he suspected me that my Deceit became approv'd Verities, and what I could relate in my Defence received as undoubted Truths; so that I think he never parted from me with a greater shew of Love and Satisfaction than at this Time.

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'By this you may gueſs at the over-credu-
'lous Belief of Old Age, which is moſt ſub-
'ject and prone to believe each Senſeleſs Story
'and wonder at what is related, although the
'Senſe many times comes far ſhort of the Truth,
'becauſe his Years have been Spectators of Al-
'terations and Accidents as Strange; ſo that he
'believes what he does not ſee, and perhaps
'never was done, by the Example of ſome
'things ſtrange and rare. So willing are they
'to believe Poſſibilities, wherein we ſee ſmall
'likelihood of Truth. But If ſuch will ſoon
'be traduc'd, and drawn to believe Falſhoods,
'how eaſily will they be brought to embrace a
'Fiction, adorn'd in the Robes of Truth; ſuch
'an one as my jump with their Deſires and
'Wiſhes! For we all find our ſelves apt and
'ready enough to be deceived, and with eager-
'neſs hug the Deceit, when it ſweetly holds
'Correſpondency with our Hopes; the Luſtre
'of which blinds us from ſeeing the Falſhood,
'or elſe like a jealous Husband, we fear to diſ-
'cover what we would not know; when the
'Knowledge of that revealed may deſtroy the
'Happineſs we enjoy, and conſequently bring
'the Diſquiet that we fear.

Whether this occaſion'd my Fathers Enquiry to ceaſe I cannot tell, but I well know I deceived him in his own Craft, and over-wrought him in his own Device. Neither did I in Words alone confirm him in his Belief, but manifeſted the ſame in my Carriage and Actions; ſo that a Week or ten Days paſſed in this manner before I did offer in the leaſt to abſent my ſelf from my Father's Houſe. After which

time

time I did secretly and privately many time visit and converse with my lovely *Desdemona*, but I made my Visits much shorter; which was soon perceiv'd and taken Notice of by *Desdemona*, who urg'd a Consummation of our Marriage; fearing, as indeed afterwards it hapned, that some unhappy Obstruction might defer it. I comforted her amidst these Fears with my Promise of Loyalty, and with my best Endeavours to procure my Father's Consent; which if I should fail of, I firmly engag'd to perform all the Rites of Marriage at the end of one Month's time from thence next ensuing. With this Promise she remain'd satisfy'd, and in her Satisfaction I rested highly contented. We agreed, lest my often Resort should beget Jealousies of that which as yet her Parents had no Mistrust, that by a secret Way into the Garden I should have access at certain times, when I might secretly enter: Which to perform either we appointed a time at our parting, or else by a certain Token of a Handkerchief that gave me Assurance I might securely pass.

By such secret and unmistrusted Paths I oftentimes visited my dearest Lady, who receiv'd me with as kind Endearments; where I oftentimes enjoy'd without Controul the happy Felicity and Fruition of her Love. 'But what 'Man is possessed of a Mine of Wealth, which 'does not bring with it Cares and Dangers? 'As the Bee carries Honey in her Mouth, but 'a Sting in her Tail; so unlawful Pleasures 'seem Heaven in their Performances, but Hell 'in the Continuance.

In these bitter Sweets, and stoln Pleasures, some Three Months had pass'd since I first saw

Desdemona, and almost One since I made her the last Promise of Wedlock. Now the time began to draw near to confirm by Marriage, what I had already perform'd by Contract with *Artemesia*; and now alass, my dearest *Desdemona* found herself conceiv'd and quick with Child. In neglecting the first I was certain to procure my Father's Displeasure; but in the latter, before Gods and Men, I could not quit my self of grievous Ingratitude. In the first my Ignorance might excuse me; but to the latter I could plead no excuse, since my Vows to *Desdemona* proceeded from my very Soul, and no doubt had pierc'd the Gates of Heaven; when my Contract with *Artemesia* was perform'd only of Course, and in Satisfaction of my Father's Humour, and not for any Inclination or Love on my Part. So I resolv'd to continue firm and constant to *Desdemona*, and procure my own Content, in hazarding my Father's Displeasure rather then to satisfy his Ambition with my own Torment.

'Had I continued here I had stood firm; 'but the Biass of Fortune is too feeble for a 'Man to stand secure on, and too much Mo- 'ving to continue constant; and the Mind of 'Man is as various as Fortune, is fickle and 'unconstant. As well may a Man build a spa- 'cious Castle in the Ocean, or a strong wall'd 'City in the Air, as seek to ground a Foun- 'dation, or raise a Building on a week Resolu- 'tion,

This, Madam, you will see verify'd in me for the time approached in sight wherein I must be Married to *Artemesia*, but not at the lest Remembrance was given me by my Father for a Preparation

paration; ſo that I began to bury the Thought of it in forgetfulneſs, thinking ſome difference had lately happen'd between my Father and *Artemeſia*'s Parents, ſo that I began to account my ſelf ſecure as to that

But a change of Fortune ſoon put me out of that Mind; for one Morning when I did leaſt ſuſpect ſuch Deceit, my Father deſir'd me to array my ſelf in my beſt Attire, and wait on him to the great Temple of the City. This I perform'd with great Willingneſs, not miſtruſting that any Deceit or Treachery had lain hid in his Requeſt; ſo that I ran headlong to my Ruin; and before I could found the Depth of this Plot, I found myſelf Shipwreck'd on a Rock, I was no ſooner ready but I attended him to Church, only accompanyed with my Mother, who was of his Confedracy. We ſoon arrived at the Temple, yet with more Haſte than good Speed: for I was no ſooner enter'd, but to my Amazement I ſaw the Earl of *Palermo*, with his Daughter *Artemeſia*, with all his and my Father's Friends attending him, richly attired, and the Prieſt ſtandiug ready to join our Hands. They all came to receive and welcome me with much Reſpect, but my Amazement would not let me receive their Kindneſſes with Endearments and Behaviour as I ought to have done, for it was ſuch a ſtrange and unacceptable Sight, that I could not ſuddenly recover from my Aſtoniſhment; rather thinking it to be a Dream or a Fiction, than any thing elſe.

My Father came and rouz'd me from this Trance: Son, (*ſaid he*) wander not at what

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'you ſee, but recollect your ſelf, and embrace 'your Fortune. Surprizes in Love make them 'of greater Value.' And this Buſineſs was ma- 'nag'd by me, that a Bleſſing that falls on you 'unlook'd for, might be by you more priz'd 'and eſteem'd. Ceaſe your Marvel then, and 'accoſt thoſe Friends with Reſpect that are 'ready to receive you.

His Diſcourſe being ended and all the compa- ny having drawn themſelves together to hear my Reply; You bid me diſſipate my Amazement (ſaid I) but my wonder growing greater, I muſt confeſs *Artemeſia* is a Fortune above my Hopes or Deſerts; yet ſuch a one as I cannot with ſafety poſſeſs, nor welcome it with content; leſt by en- joying ſuch a Happineſs, I ſhould enforce the heavenly Deities to make her wretched and miſerable for my Sake. For to put you out of doubt, know I am betroth'd already to one that is as Virtuous as Fair; with whom I have tied ſuch an inviolable Knot, that 'tis paſt the Art of Man to unlooſe it, without provoking the Gods to a Revenge: There's no Promiſe but I have made it, no Proteſtation but I have per- form'd it, no Ceremony but I have ſign'd it, nor is there any Obligation or Vow but I have ſeal'd it. Heaven hath joined our Hearts, this can only join our Hands. In this Reaſon will tell you I have ſhewn no Diſobedience; ſince as I lately told you Heaven gave me a Soul, and 'tis only that I have diſpos'd of with its Conſent: My Body is yet free which you gave me; but it may as well ſurvive without a Soul as revoke the Vows I have lately made. My Affection is ſo entire, that if all things admit of Change it cannot be ſubject to

Alterations:

Alterations. And ſhould Death it ſelf approach I ſhould continue firm in the Grave.

I had continu'd my Diſcourſe, but my Father haſtily interupting me, drew his Sword, and preſented againſt my Breaſt, *Die thou Rebellious Villain,* (ſaid he) *and enjoy the Fruits of your Affection in the Duſt.* This Action was no ſooner taken Notice of by *Artemeſia*, but ſhe freed her ſelf from her Father; and caſting herſelf before my Father's Weapon, *Hold* (ſaid ſhe) *barbarous and unnatural Man, and pierce this Breaſt, 'twill ſhew leſs horrid and inhuman.* This unexpected Action with his Friends Perſuaſions and Intreaties, made him ſheath his Sword, whilſt a Salamander did ſeem to live in his Eyes, which ſhot forth Fire, like a murthering Cannon, that lightens e'er it ſmoaks. *Wicked Wretch,* (ſaid he) *I diſown thee from this Hour from being my Son, and revoke all Ties and Priviledges that Love or Nature hath given thee: I diſinherit thee of all; and do not dare from this Minute to aſſume the Confidence to appear in my Preſence as thou rendereſt thy Life and Safety.* Having ſaid thus, in a chafing Rage, he left me, taking his Walk into the Cloiſters of the Temple.

'Now, Madam, (*continued he*) ſuffer me to dilate, and in ſome ſort to expreſs how the ſcope of my Misfortune received their main Original. Hitherto I only brought Fewel, my Father ſet it on Fire, and by his paſſionate raſhneſs occaſion'd the mournful Tragedy of this enſuing Story, which I fear will force Tears from your fair Eyes. For as from one ſmall Spark a great and furious Flame will ariſe, ſo from exceſs of Paſſion proceeds uncommon Cauſes, and ſtrange Effects: For if Nature

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'derogated from its usual Course, no wonder
'then if degenerate, and bring forth Mon-
'sters. Unhappy is that Man where Passion
'reigns supream, it is destructive to himself
'and others. The Mind is Subject to many
'Passions, but this most hateful: 'Tis like the
'Fern-seed, that Men says, buds, blossoms,
'ripens, and shatters all within an Hour, for
'what Anger invents, Passion puts into imme-
'diate Execution. So *Alexander* slew his dear
'Friend, for whom afterwards he bitterly re-
'pented. And so a Father had almost become
'the Murtherer of his own Son. Any thing
'in the use becomes a second Nature; so doth
'Passion when it gains Precedency. How
'hard and intricate was the Way I had to go,
'and how difficult the Choice I had to make!
'Both seem'd deadly, and therefore either of
'them fearful. 'Tis a great over-sight in Pa-
'rents by their Authority to procure their
'Childrens Ruin, when to obey them they'll
'inforce them to prove Perjur'd to the Dei-
'ties; and so by making them their Friends,
'make the Host of Heaven their Enemies;
'and by giving them Content, become their
'own Disturbers: But sure the Fault of dis-
'obeying Parents in things of this Nature
'might have been excuseable, and there might
'not have been so much Difficulty in the
'Choice if I had priz'd Eternal Happiness a-
'bove a Moments Anger. But alas, who can re-
'treat that is predestinated to Destruction?

'Age should be a Pattern to to Youth to walk
'by, Reason should be its Guide; that Reason
'being refin'd by Experience should be a Helm

to

‘ to direct wild wandering Youth; for Paſſion is
‘ paculiar to Youth, ſo ſhould Wiſdom and gra-
‘ vity be to Age. Let all Men ſhun Anger and
‘ Paſſion as they would ſhun a Serpent that
‘ would devour 'em: It never brings no content
‘ but always begets new Aggravations of folly;
‘ 'twill diſturb their whole Body and Frame, a-
‘ ſleep or awake; indeed it will. To give you a
‘ ſmall Deſcription of Paſſion and what it repre-
‘ ſents, 'tis like a dry Pitchy Matter, which as
‘ ſoon as fir'd grows into a Flame. Like a
‘ Boiſterous Tempeſt to the Mariner, or like
‘ an Arrow let fly from the incens'd Enemy.
‘ He which entertains Paſſion, makes much of
‘ his own Deſtruction when his Paſſion become
‘ his Maſters; and what a ws only entertain'd as
‘ a Gueſt, begins to take a free Poſſeſſion; then
‘ he becomes like an unskilful Conjurer, that
‘ having rais'd a Spirit, knows not how to lay
‘ it again without Danger; ſo Paſſionate Men
‘ perform that in Fury and Raſhneſs which
‘ they wiſh undone when Reaſon takes Place;
‘ repenting of what they have perform'd out of
‘ Paſſion, and cannot remedy or amend at lei-
‘ ſure.

But to leave off this Diſcourſe, in which I fear I have detain'd you too long, I'll go forward with my Story. Underſtand then, my Father was no ſooner parted and gone away, but poor *Artemeſia* receiv'd a check from her Parents and Kindred, for her too much Diligence and care in preſerving me, who did ſlight and neglect her; and that it rather pertain'd to my friends to have interceded, and diverted the Blow, than herſelf.

My

My Mother, with all my Relations came and importuned me not to continue ſo obſtinate, with Intreaties and Perſwaſions, urging the danger caſt my ſelf into, by bringing on my Head my Father's Diſpleaſure and Curſe. Then to compleat and finiſh what they had begun, they bring the Prieſt, who begins me this Diſcourſe. Son, *(ſaid he)* the *Romans* did puniſh diſobedience in their Children with Death; ſo your Father had almoſt committed a Tragedy on you with his own Hands. Obſtinacy in a Child is like Rebellion in a Subject, which always ſounds horrid and notorious, let the Occaſion be never ſo juſt. I will not now debate the juſtneſs of your Contract with the ſecond Lady, but in my Judgment the firſt with *Artemeſia* ſhould have Precedency; being acknowledged by your ſelf, and allowed by your Parents, and therefore muſt needs be of greater Force and Authority than the latter. In ſaying this I have given you my Opinion; but now I will give you my Counſel: I muſt agree with your Friends to perſwade you that you would not continue ſo wilful in your determination, but yield Obedience to your Fathers Will. Conſider, when a Man is inraged what he is liable to perform as in this dreadful Example. Ceaſe then any farther Provocations, and comply with your Fathers deſires; ſince that way you may walk ſecurely, when the other cannot be gone without danger; and doubt not but I will pacify all this ſtir. I would have replyed, but ſo many did importune me that I had not time to anſwer or repel their Temptings; but being vanquiſhed by my Mothers Tears, I agreed to undo my ſelf to humour them.

I was hitherto miserable, but I was more wretched in being belov'd by *Artemesia*; if her Love and Affection had not been so great, there might have been hopes that my coldness might have begot an Aversion in her towards me. 'But like a Merchant o'ercharg'd with Debt, 'when he begins to fall, all things agree to 'ruin him; so that he only knows then to be 'wretched, and them from whom he hopes and 'expects for Relief, most times conspire and 'agree to his Ruin. And as the *Persians* adore 'the rising Sun, and curse it again e're the Day 'be half spent; so Fortune seems to court the 'Man that flourishes in Prosperity and scorn-'fully neglects him when he falls into Adversity

This was the last Blow, and I utterly undone For upon notice of my Consent, my Father return'd with *Artemesia* and the Earl of *Palermo* her Father, where in the midst of a great throng of People, which this disturbance had brought together, the Priest join'd our Hands, the usual Ceremonies were perform'd with great State, which being once ended, I was attended by my Friends, with a very great Company, to my father's house, where with revels, musick, masking, Dancing and Feasting, they passed away the Residue of that Day; and the Night approach'd when my father, with the Earl of *Palermo* conducted us to our Lodgings, where they left us, as they imagin'd, to make a new Banquet of Pleasures. But they were no sooner departed out of the Chamber, taking her by the Hand, *Madam* (said I) *this Body you have so vertuously preserv'd is but a poor Recompence in Consideration of the danger you underwent for my sake, and I fear you*

will

will soon grow weary of what so lately you had an Esteem for, since I am become Burthen and Torment to my self, and by consequence in the Use may prove so to you O Artemesia! *Thou enjoyest this wretched and miserable Part of me, the Body, when my Soul is bestow'd elsewhere: Thou hast only the Shadow of what I am, when another enjoys the Substance. How for your sake only could I wish Love were no Mathematick Point, but would admit of Diversion; that in some sort I might quit the Obligation that I owe you! Orruel Parents! You are too kind to procure my Discontent, and give no Medicine to dissipate it.*

Poor *Artemesia* stood dissolv'd in Tears at my discourse, and although the Countenance of my Disasters made my Misfortunes became an Use, so to grow senseless of my Sorrows, yet I could not continue insensible of her Miseries, nor refrain participating in them Griefs which had their Original from me; and altho I could not Love, yet I could be pitiful: So that clasping her in my Arms, often times kissing her, *Come to my Bed, my Love* (said I) *and let see if the Night can yield us as great Felicities as the Day has begotten us Miseries.*

Oh, how was I wreck'd by my Conscience that ensuing Night, which presented my Ingratitude in lively Colours! The day approach'd, but to no other end but to renew my Miseries, and make my Perfidiousness seem the greater, *Artemesia* with her kind and sweet speeches and lovely Behaviour did endeavour to divert these melancholy Discontents: And this seem'd another dagger to pierce my Breast, since I could make no return for such a mine of Love. However, I carried

ſed my ſelf to the Eyes of all Beholders, contrary to my uſual Behaviour; yet to my Wife I would give no occaſion to deſpair, leſt ſhe might find the Calamities ſhe had fallen into too ſoon.

Two days had paſs'd away ſince my Marriage with *Artemeſia* and the 3d approach'd, wherein I had given my Faith to marry *Deſdemona*, the remembrance wrought ſo ſtrong on my Affections that I intended to write and excuſe my ſelf, leſt ſhe might think by my neglect, I perform'd that willingly, that I was enforc'd to do by neceſſity: So that taking Pen and Ink I wrote as followeth.

Almerin *to* Deſdemona,

My Deareſt Joy,

IF Neceſſity might be permitted to plead my excuſe I might hope for a Pardon; but I know my ſelf too great a Criminal to plead not Guilty. *I am condemn'd already, before ſentence is pronounc'd by your fair ſelf; and I find my Faults too notorious to hope a Reprieve: Yet ſhould you conſider my cauſe judicicuſly you would pity where you would not forgive. To hold you no longer in ſuſpence, I muſt relate what indeed you leaſt expect to hear; which when known you will wiſh it had ſtill been kept a ſecret. My deareſt Love I am married; and that Word will acquaint thee I am wedded to my own Ruin. I will not go about to diminiſh or leſſen my Fault, tho' I might plead ſome Excuſe; but I will rather accuſe my ſelf, and aggravate my Crime; for of two Evils the leaſt is to be choſen, and I have choſen the greateſt: I have wilfully ſought my own Deſtruction when I might have ſhunned it: And who will pity a Spendthrift that willingly makes himſelf a Bankrupt? I ought to have been*

conſtant

conſtant to thee, and fronted my Fathers utmoſt Diſpleaſure, nor ſhould Anger, Loſs of Eſtate, or that which is more precious, Life itſelf, have induced me to court my Ruin. But like an unskilful Gameſter, that has loſt his Eſtate at one Caſt, ſits down and repents of that which his Wiſdom might have prevented; ſo I repent of my own Folly, and lament what is irrecoverable. I have nothing to do but to deſpair, for all happineſs is vaniſh'd as to me and my future Joys are fled away with my Hopes. There is not the deareſt good on Earth I would entertain or welcome for a happineſs now I have loſt the Felicity of being yours, ſince all other happineſs is ſumm'd up in that one. My Folly has been my torments, and my Chaſtiſement ſhall be equal to my Folly. But my beſt love, ſeeing my Ingratitude and Perfidiouſneſs is ſuch that I can't expect forgiveneſs yet let me carry this Comfort to my Grave, that you did not hate me, and I ſhall reſt quiet in the Duſt.

Almerin.

I ſent this Letter by one that did attend me, of whom I had often made Trial of his Secrecy and Fidelity; to him I reveal'd all the Particulars which had happen'd to *Deſdemona* and my ſelf, and of the continuance of our Loves. It is ſome Comfort in our Miſeries when we have a partner in our Sorrows, one that will participate in our Griefs, and to whom with confidence we may reveal our cloſeſt Secrets. Such an one was this Man, whoſe Name ought not to be conceal'd to this ſtory *Fidelio* was his name, and it well ſuited with his Nature. I gave him directions to the Garden-gate, with a charge to remain there till he ſaw *Deſdemona* enter; with a deſcription of her Perſon, and an excuſe in his Mouth in my behalf. Away he went to execute what I had com-

manded him, whilſt I with an earneſt Expectation waited his Return. The Day began to grow aged, and Night with her ſable Mantle began to appear when like a careful Watchman and true Centinel I expected to be reliev'd. *Fidellio* long expected, at laſt, carefully returned: I no ſooner ſaw him but I endeavour'd to read my Deſtiny in his Looks; but I beheld there a ſad Omen to attend me. Yet with an earneſt Deſire, accompanied with many timerous and ſuſpicious Apprehenſions I thus beſpok him. *Fidellio* doth thou intend to make me linger away in Expectation and Silence with that which being reveal'd will kill as ſoon as known? What is *Deſdemona*'s Sentence; Be it Happineſs or Miſery, Joy or Sorrow Life or Death, nothing can be bitter or harſh what ſhe commands, but I ſhall be all Obedience like all Men I am loth to ſuſpect where I Love, yet it is not without Pain I expect your Anſwer. I am earneſt you ſhould reveal what perhaps I would not know; yet I would fain know the worſt, that I might be freed from the fear of worſt to come.

He return'd me no Anſwer, but drawing a Letter from his Boſom, Sir, (*ſaid he*) here is that will give you a better Account of your Fortune than my ſelf; peruſe that; after which I will give you a Relation of all the particular Paſſages that have happen'd and fallen out in this ſmall Time of Abſence.

I had no leiſure for a Reply, but kiſſing her Letter, I haſtily open'd it, and carefully read theſe Lines, which while I live I ſhall retain and keep in my Memory.

Deſdemona

DESDEMONA *to* ALMERIN.

Perfidious Man,

IF *I had priz'd my own Felicity before your Content, I had been as happy as I am no miserable. It grieves me more than my Misfortunes to see one whom I did esteem as dear as my self, become spotted with that henious Sin of Ingratitude, to Triumph in the Ruins of a Maid which did but prize you above her Life. I should not have belived it but I see it confirmed by your own Hand, that your Infidelity, and your Accusations of your self a Salve for my Misery? No such Medicine will cure me, neither will such Balsam repair the Wounds of my Honour: Both were violated by your self, but you have now made your self incapable of such a Restitution as might perfect the Cure; the Remedy is as dangerous as the Disease; and both are become hopeless of a Cure. I could accuse you for betraying me. There may be hopes of conquering and overcoming Difficulties, but there can be none in expecting Impossibilities. It is now too late to exclaim against you, because the Storm is already fallen; so that is past your Skill and above your Art to divert it. Your being become your own Accuser hath quitted me of that pain; and your Evidence you have given against your self has sav'd me the Labour of convicting you, but will not quit me of complaining, and calling you Pitiless? Cruel to your self, in the Misfortunes of this innocent Babe, the burthen of my Womb; and pitiless to me the unhappy Mother. O* Almerin! *if you had studied Fidelity and Constancy, as much as you have Deceit and Falshood I had not been thus miserable,*

nor you ſo wretched as you would make me believe you are. You ſue for Pardon; it is no hard Matter to have it granted from one that cannot hate you, and in ſpight of her ſelf muſt ſtill love you. I wiſh the Gods would forget the Vows and Invocations you have regiſter'd with 'em as willingly as I forgive you: But I fear ſome heavy Curſe and Summons is iſſued out againſt you, for your ſacrilegious Violation of their Deities, which I pray Heaven to divert. If my Blood would make Satisfaction and Attonement for your Crime, I ſhould willingly ſacrifice it for your Offences, that as in my Life, ſo in my Death, I might continue yours more than my own.

Deſdemona.

Theſe Words, like Darts, wounded my very Soul. Her innocent Sweetneſs made my Infidelity appear more notorious. *Fidelio* to perfect the grievouſneſs of my Crimes, at my requeſt related theſe few Particulars.

'Sir, (*ſaid he*) according to your Order and 'Directions I ſtaid at the Garden-gate ſome 'time, but it was not long before I ſaw *Deſdemona* enter, and with her Preſence, like another 'Sun, did dazle the Eyes of the Beholders: 'Her Attire was negligent and careleſs, her 'Countenance ſeemed to be clouded with a 'ſweet melancholy Sadneſs, fitly ſuited to her 'Thoughts; and tho' all were ſhadowed and 'overcaſt with a Veil of Grief, yet ſhe ſeemed 'charming, ſince it did only ſerve that we 'might behold her Perfections at a nearer 'diſtance, and her Vertues more apparent and 'plain. So we may face the Sun when he is 'clouded, which in a fair Day we dare not ap-

'proach

'proach with our Eyes. Such was her Grief it 'would make one in Love with Sadneſs; and 'ſuch her Geſture it would make one welcome 'Sorrow.

'Raviſh'd with this Apparition I knock'd at 'the Gate; which I had ſcarce done, but like a 'Goddeſs ſhe appear'd, and fix'd her Eyes up-'on my Face, perhaps preſaging me to be ſome 'Harbenger of ill News; but quickly recol-'lecting herſelf, *Sir*, (ſaid ſhe) *Are you not mi-ſtaken, have you any Buſineſs with any Perſon here? This is no common Way, and it gives me ſome cauſe of Wonder how you came here.*

'Charm'd with her Speeches, I returned 'this Anſwer, *Madam, it was not a Miſtake that brought me hither, nor by Chance that I ap-pear before you, but expreſly and on purpoſe. I was ſent unto you by* Almerin *the Governor's Son of* Syracuſe, *with this Letter, with a Charge to deliver it into your own Hands.* 'With the 'Words I deliver'd her your Letter; which I 'had no ſooner done, but I perceiv'd ſhe was 'poſſeſſed with an unuſual and ſtrange Agitati-'on and Emotion of Spirit; ſometimes the 'Roſes of her Cheeks were overcaſt with a 'lovely Red, and ſuddenly they vaniſhed, 'and gave Way to the Lillies to poſſeſs their 'Places. She kiſs'd the Letter, and earneſtly 'enquir'd of your Health, to which when I 'had given her an Anſwer, ſhe intreated me 'to walk into the Garden; and ſo ſhutting the 'Door, ſhe retired herſelf into a private Ha-'bour, where opening the Letter, ſhe began 'to read it over, whilſt I ſeated my ſelf to be-'hold her.

'When on a ſudden all the former Signs of 'Joy vaniſh'd and were diſpers d her Viſage was 'overcaſt with a fatal diſturbance, her Breaſt 'began to pant, and a ſhower of Tears began 'to fall from her fair Eyes, which hung on her 'Cheeks like Pearly Dew on a ſweet-ſmelling 'Roſe: Such were her Actions that they would 'have induc'd the wild Satyrs and fierce Beaſt 'to pity: It is not often I weep, but I could 'not refrain my ſelf from Tears, nor can I quit 'the remembrance now, but with a mortal ſad-'neſs. She ſhew'd nothing of Raſhneſs in her 'Carriage, as inventing he complains or moans 'but mildly and ſweetly cloſing up all in her own 'breaſt, till that Cloſet grew too little, and 'the Veſſels too ſmall to contain her Grief.

'I beheld this alteration with a grievious 'Trouble when in a Moment ſhe began to be 'be grievious pale; her Eyes which did ſhine 'like two Stars began to grow dull. In fine her 'Spirits beit over-charged with Sorrow, and 'weary of ſo great a Burthen forſook her; ſo 'that letting your Letter fall out of her Hands, 'imperfectly pronouncing theſe Words, *Ah me* 'She fell into a deadly Trance, without any 'Motion or hopes of Life, I ran haſtily to catch 'her before ſhe fell, but came too late; ſo that 'falling ſhe had ſeated herſelf on a Bed of Vio-'lets, which ſeem'd to cloſe and hang down 'their Heads at this fatal Misfortune.

'Then it was I curſt you for your Perfidious-'neſs to ſo ſweet a Creature. Heaven only 'knows the extreams of Grief I then endured. 'I could not go out of the Garden, and leave 'her in that forlorn Condition, yet to ſtay was perilous

'perilous to my Life: But in a ſmall Conſul-
'tation my Pity overcame my fear, and the
'care of her ſafety the Thoughts of my own Se-
'curity: So that running to a Fountain in the
'Garden, and taking cold Water in my Hand,
'I ſprinkled it on her Face; and taking her
'lovely Body in my Arms I ſoftly began to
'bow her: So that opening her fair Eyes, and
'ſending two or three Hart-breathing Sighs,
'as a Token of her Soul's return to her Body,
'which was loth, as it ſeem'd to leave ſo fair a
'Habitation. When her Senſes began to ex-
'ecute their proper Function and Duty, caſt-
'ing her Eyes on me, and taking notice that
'I had her in my Arms; Sir, (*ſaid ſhe*) I per-
'ceive I have been a Trouble to you for which
'I ask your Pardon and intreat you to aſſiſt me
'to yonder Houſe (ſhewing me a Place ſituate
'in the midſt of the Garden) ſo that raiſing her
'up, I ſupported her by the Arm; firſt taking
'up your Letter, I conducted to the Houſe,
'wher ſhe wrote the Letter that I now deliver-
'ed you; and ſealing it gave it me with theſe
'Words, Tell him I wiſh him much Happineſs
'and Felicity, for my ſelf tell him I ſhall hard-
'ly find any, but in the Grave. So deſend-
'ing the Stairs, I attended her to the Gate;
'and ſo taking my Leave, I left her, bewail'ing
'your Ingratitude.

Thus *Fidellio* ended his diſcourſe, and con-
tinued ſilent, making the Epilogue of his Diſ-
courſe a melancholy Repreſentation of the Story
he had related, and confirming what he had ſaid
to be nothing but Verity. I could not retain
from participating with him, ſince it could pro-
duce ſo much Pity in a Stranger's Breaſt than

but a few Hours before had but only ſeen her; without my Breaſt had been Marble it muſt melt into Compaſſion at his Rehearſal. I could do no leſs than hate my ſelf ſince ſhe continu'd ſtill to love me; making my Faults more odious, for all my Perjury and Infidelity betraying and abuſing ſo much Innocence, *Deſdemona* ſends me Word ſhe loves me ſtill, and ſhall do ſo in Death, ſhe forgives me too more than I can forgive my ſelf: Yet this was the ſame *Deſdemona*, whoſe Goodneſs and Kindneſs I ſo much abus'd. Her harmleſs Innocence began to ſet a higher Price on her Vertues in my Soul than formerly I had for her Beauties: I began to know the Wo th of the Treaſure I had forgone, and found the Value to ſurmount all Eſteem.

Now all my Thoughts and Deſires became wholly engag'd, to make my Endeavous ſuitable to my Mind, which made it its whole Buſineſs, in ſome ſort, to tender an ample Satisfaction, in Recompence of the Injuries I had occaſion'd her; but I found my Deſires were all fruitleſs, and that my beſt Performances would be of no Value, while *Artemeſia* remain'd as an Obſtacle to obſtruct my Intentions. 'Twas here the Agents of Hell ſollicited and aſſiſted me in this Tragical Deſign, ſo that her Death was concluded in a Moment, nothing remain'd but the Means how to effect it.

'When a Man is once made the Scope of the 'Miſeries of Fortune, he only knows then what 'it is to be unhappy: So when a Man begins to 'be bad, he only knows then how to become 'more wicked. What at firſt ſeems Horrid,

'by

'by Cuſtom becomes an Uſe, and Uſe does me-
'tamorphoſe it into a Second Nature, elſe cou'd
'I have ſo ſoon conſented to add Murther to
'my Perjury? As if one Sin would expiate
'and make Satisfaction for another Crime; not
'having Patience to go by degrees, but I muſt
'run all ſpeed to my Ruin. One Sin doth ſel-
'dom go unaccompany'd alone, but is attend-
'ed by a greater Evil. By Nature we are too
'prone, forward and eager, to be wicked much
'more when we make it a Habit. I ſhould
'have weaned my ſelf from it in time, before
'it had procured my utter Deſtruction and
'Confuſion; but I find too late I commiſerate
'my own Folly, and complains of the Faults I
'might have prevented. So that all the Benefit
'that proceeds from that lamentable Story, will
'be a Caution and a Warning to the Ages to
'come, that by my Harms they may prevent
'their own Deſtiny; and carefully taking warn-
'ing by my Diſaſter, they may wiſely ſhun the
'Reef, whereon I was ſhipwreck'd.

As formerly I was Black with Perjury; now I began to Plot how to be Red with Murther, in taking away the innocent and guiltleſs Life of one that not five Days before had preſerved mine: But Reaſon and Conſideration were baniſh'd then, no Thoughts remain'd but how to accompliſh and finiſh what I had ſo barbarouſly began. I had thought of many Ways how to bring it about: Firſt I thought to have ſtrangled her in Bed, but that ſeem'd dangerous to perform. Poyſon at laſt I reſolv'd on. I was loth to truſt any one with a Secret of ſo great a Conſequence, whereon my Life did depend. So that I went my ſelf to an Apothecary

ry in the City, of whom for ſome few Crowns I purchas'd the fatal Potion; and enjoyning him to Secrecy. I went to perform my fatal Reſolution.

Being come to my Father's houſe I found poor *Artemeſia* indiſpos'd in her Bed, and going to viſit her in her Chamber, I ſat down by the Bedſide, where caſting her Arms about my Neck, and beſtowing many ſweet kiſs on me, with Endearments ſo obliging, that if Hell had not conſpired my Ruin, ſure it would have turn'd the Current of my barbarous Deſign. Much Diſcourſe paſſed till ſhe did deſire to take a little reſt, ſo kiſſing her I left her to her repoſe; but taking notice of a Poſſet that was preparing on the Fire, the Maid being buſy about her Miſtreſs, like a Fiend of Hell, I haſtily and unſeen emptied the Poiſon into it, and ſo departed away undiſcry'd. About half an Hour after this invenom'd Drink was adminiſtred unto her, which ſpreading it ſelf by degrees into all Parts of her vital Spirits, with its Force ſoon made a ſeperation betwixt the Soul and the Body, and left only her Breathleſs Corpſe on the Bed.

This ſudden Rumour of her more ſudden Death begat an Admiration to whom it was related. Accompany'd with my Father and Mother I went to ſee her liveleſs Trunk, not without Tears in my Eyes; but I cannot ſafely ſay whether it was in deceit, the better to cover and put a Maſk on my Villany, or the woeful Object preſented to my Eyes; but for one, or either, or both together, many ſigns of Sorrow I made. Mean while Meſſengers were ſent to my Father-in-Law, the Earl of *Palermo*, with the heavy

heavy tidings of his Daughter's untimely death: They arriv'd at the Houſe about the evening but the Lamentations and Moans they made over the untimely Hearſe of their dear Child were numberleſs. They were not without doubts and Miſtruſts about the ſudden occaſion of her death but having no Light whereon they might build or ground a Suſpicion, it vaniſh'd as ſoon as it receiv'd Birth. After Nature had paid her tribute in Parietial Tears, her Body was carefully Coffin'd up, and about two Days after, the ſame Company that attended me in my Bridal Nuptials in State and Triumph, this Day accompany'd the Corpſe of poor *Artemeſia*; and her ſorrowful and diſconſolate Parents, all cloath'd in Black, as beſt ſuiting and agreeing with the mournful Object they attended. At laſt we arriv'd at the Temple, where the Body was committed to the Earth, after the uſual Ceremonies of the Dead were celebrated. And here I cannot be ſilent, although I ſhall aggravate my own Crimes.

When I conſider and meditate on the frailty of poor Mortals, and the Viciſſitudes and Alterations they are ſubject unto. Here was but a ſeven Days ſpace between a Marriage Bed and a Grave betwixt Joy and Sorrow, and a ſmaller time betwixt Life and Death; but in the ſpace of a few Hours a Man becomes no Man. 'Man returns 'to the Duſt, He comes forth like a pleaſant 'Flower, and is ſoon pluck'd by the Hand 'of Death: If he continue he ſoon be-'gins to wither of himſelf; and Age and Time 'like a tedious Winter, ſoon nips away his 'Luſtre.

Madam,

Madam, (ſaid *Almerin*, proceeding forward in his diſcourſe, and facing his Eyes on *Cynthia*) no doubt but you wonder to ſee me interlace in this my mournful Story ſo many various Accidents of Chance and Fortune, of the frailty of Life, and uncertain Certainty of Death; but theſe are the only Balſams that ſweetens my Misfortunes, and the Antidotes that expel the Venom: For thus in comparing time preſent with the time that is paſt, I find there is nothing done now but hath been done before us. So that it is ſome Comfort to have ſo many Illuſtrious Perſonages, Fellows in our Misfortunes Like a Man that hath many dangerous Wounds, the greater diſſipates the Pain of the leſſer, and the Torments of the one makes the Pains of the other become familiar. This, Madam, is my Deſign, to make you acquainted with Death himſelf, that the latter part of my Story may ſeem leſs horrid unto you, and in ſome ſort to ſweeten your Reſentments, if you ſhould conceive any to my Diſadvantage by the relation of this Story.

But to keep you no longer in ſuſpence I ſhall proceed. After *Artemeſia* was inter'd in her Grave, the Earl of *Palermo* with his Lady came home to my Father's Houſe, where they remain'd, bewailing the death of their dear Child about three days time; after that was expir'd they prepared their Journey for their own home. With a feign'd and Hypocritcial Sorrow, I offer'd my Service to wait and attend 'em: But it ſeems being unwilling to be oblig'd to one that they did ſuſpect (as afterwards they ſaid) of their Daughter's Death, with much Thankfulneſs and civility diſmiſſed, and bad me Farewel.

Four

Four Days had paſs'd ſince the Burial of *Artemeſia*, and two ſince the Departure of her Parents, when to paſs away the Summer's Evening, and to refreſh my Drooping Spirits with the ſweet Air and pleaſant Shades, I retir'd my ſelf, only accompanied with *Fidelio*, into the ſame Garden, wherein I was firſt ſurpriz'd with my Fair *Deſdemona*.

Phœbus now haſtned to bathe his ſweltry Steeds in the foaming Ocean, and his Siſter *Luna* began to appear, ſo to expel the uſurping Shades of Night, when being comforted by the refreſhing Sweetneſs of her cold Influences, ſo that the Pleaſures I then enjoy'd, accompany'd with the thoughts of enjoying *Deſdemona*, made the time ſeem ſhort in the Contemplation, and the hours Minutes in the Imagination, ſo that the unexpected Hour of ten arriv'd. *Fidelio*'s Intreaties with the lateneſs of the Evening, could not perſwade my Return as yet, my Mind being employ'd on other Thoughts more agreeable, after the Clock had ſtruck eleven I intended to leave the Garden; but firſt reſolving to viſit the happy Place where I firſt reſcued my dear *Deſdemona* it was almoſt upon the ſtroke of Twelve e'er I arrived there! The Night continued Fair and Clear, and this was the moſt private retiring of any in the Garden; where I was no ſooner arrived, but to Amazement, behold, by the glimmering and feeble Light of the Moon I ſaw a Beautiful Woman, her countenance was pale and wan, droping Pearly Tears from her fair Eyes, which ſhe wiped off with a Handkerchief. She ſate on the Ground, leaning her pretty Head on her

her Fair Hand. She ſeem'd wholly a Map of ſorrow; and gave Demonſtrations, by her ſurted Actions that her Geſture could not expreſs the leaſt Torment of her Mind. My Curioſity and Pity perſwaded me to leave the Place, to learn the Reaſon of ſuch uncommon Sorrow. I had no ſooner approached before her, being near enough to have ſpoken unto her, but as one ſurpriz'd unawares, ſhe haſtily takes away her left Hand, that ſupported her Head; which ſhe had no ſooner done, but behold from her Breaſt iſſu'd a Crimſon Gore. My Amazement was greater, when in her Face I beheld the Viſſage and Features of *Deſdemona*, tho' overſhadow'd with a Veil of Sorrow. Her Countenance ſeem'd to contend with Grief and Pity, rather than with Wrath and Anger.

Frighted with the Horror of this Sight, I ſtood metamorphoſed, like an Image of Stone, not being able to go forwards, or retire backwards, when this woful Object came nearer unto me, fixing her Eyes ſtedfaſtly on my Face; after a while, raiſing her right Hand, laid it on her Wound, which ſeem'd all this while to run in a Purple Flood down her Breaſt, ſprinkling the Graſs where ſhe ſtood with ſcarlet Dye. My Amazement was augmented, when unfixing her Eyes from my Face, ſhe lifted 'em up towards Heaven with ſo pale and mournful a Poſture as would have produc'd Pity in the moſt ſenſeleſs Breaſt. This ſudden Surprizal accompany'd with my Fears, did cowardice all my Spirits, ſo that I had not the confidence nor Courage to open my Mouth to ſpeak to this pitiful Apparition which once more lifting up her Hand to her Wounds, giving me a grievous parting look, ſhe ſuddenly

vaniſh'd

vaniſh'd out of my Sight. I was amaz'd after its Departure, and jealous whether I ſhould believe my Eyes or no; or whether this was a real Apparition or a Fiction brought forth by Fancy and begotten by Imagination, that had left ſuch freſh Impreſſions in my Soul, and figur'd ſuch diſmal Ideas in my Mind. But theſe Doubts were ſoon expell'd and baniſh'd by Reaſon and the proceeding Accidents ſoon confirm'd the Effects to be no Illuſions; for before I could recollect and rally together my frightned Spirits, behold from the Thicket hard by me iſſued diſmal Screeches, horrible and fearful Moans, accompany'd with uncommon and confus'd voices the Heavens on a ſudden cover'd themſelves with a Sable Cover, and the Moon had her Face under an Eclipſe. The Noiſes became yet more loud and terrible, and the reſounding Eccho of the horrid Clamour drew nearer and nearer, and ſo became more fearful and dreadful. The Horizon was cloath'd with thick dark Clouds, from whence proceeded a ſtormy Shower of Hail and Rain; the Wind grew Tempeſtuous and Boiſterous, fearful Flaſhes of Lightning proceeded, as if the Woods had been on Fire, after which follow'd and enſu'd loud and fearful Claps of thunder. The Storm increas'd, and became more horrible, when from the neighbouring thicket ruſh'd out a Woman, who approaching me, I ſoon knew to be the dead *Artemeſia*. I would have fled from her Sight, but could not fly my Deſtiny, when coming yet nearer unto me, with a weak, and feeble Voice, ſhe utter'd theſe Words.

Wretched Man, now the Reward of thy Wickedneſs draws near, and thy Puniſhment is at Hand. Heaven is ready to leave thee, and the Earth is prepared

Prepared to ſwallow thee. Sentence is pronounced againſt thee, and Meſſengers prepared to execute it. My innocent Death will not go unrevenged, nor your Perjury unpuniſh'd. Go, miſerable and wretched Man! Deſpair: Think of nothing but Horrours, Shrieks, Pains and Torments: Let Content and Felicity henceforth become Strangers unto thee, and let thy Misfortunes become ever worſe and worſe: Let thy Sleep be ſhort, and diſturbed with fearful Viſions. The Remainder of your Life ſhall be a living Death: You ſhall ſeek for Death but you ſhall not find it. This is the Commiſſion I had to unfold to thee from the Higher Powers, which having reveal'd I leave thee to thy Fate.

This ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd from my Eyes like Lightning; ſo ſoon ſhe diſappeared to my ſight but not to my Thoughts; for the Remembrance was green in my Memory, and the Thought ſo fixed in my Soul, that I think the feigned Phantiſm would hardly yield Precedency to the Real. My Eyes were yet firmly bent towards that Part of the Thicket I ſaw *Artemeſia* take. And *Fidelio*, which the time of this Tempeſt had conceal'd and ſhelter'd himſelf in a Thicket near at Hand, after his Deſires and Intreaties became fruitleſs, in requeſting me to retire with him, when he came unto me, he found me not remov'd from the ſame Place where he left me. Wondering at this Change, he took me by the Arm: *Sir*, (ſaid he) *What occaſions theſe ghaſtly Looks, and fearful timerous Apprehenſions? You ſeem as if you had met your Sins, or been acteſted with your Grandfather's Ghoſt. What cauſes you thus to bend your Eyes on Vacancy, and fix your Thoughts on Shadows?*

Wher

Where do you let your Imaginations ramble, your Spirits rome, and your Fancy runs at random? Sir, Conſider where you are, what time of Night it is: Recollect your ſelf out of theſe Dumps, and let us repair away from this fatal Place, that has brought you this Diſturbance.

His earneſt Importunities brought me to my ſelf; and ſeeing him expect a Reply, Yes *Fidelio (ſaid I)* my Sins have met me full blown, and Ghoſts more Terrible and Fearful than my Grandfather's. By Heaven, *Fidelio*! Shadows haunt me. Saw you not my deareſt *Deſdemona* here, and deceas'd *Artemeſia*, who juſt now pronounced the Sentence of Horrour and Damnation againſt me.

'Sir, *replied he*, Theſe Chimeras be nothing 'but the Deluſions of a diſturb'd Brain pro-'ceeding from the Strength of Imagination, 'which forms to itſelf Wonders which the 'Spectators cannot behold; ſuch no doubt, was 'yours; for I Proteſt and Vow to you I heard 'no Voice, nor did I apprehend any ſuch Si-'militudes: *Artemeſia* lies quiet in her 'Grave, and I doubt not but *Deſdemona* is a-'ſleep in her Bed; Reſt will ſoon divert theſe 'Illuſions, and cure this Diſquiet: Come, Sir 'Let us walk home, the Night grows aged, 'the late Storm is paſt, both call on us to be 'parting, leaſt we ſhould be prevented by a 'ſecond Diſaſter; your Parents expects you, 'and your Neceſſity requires you that you 'change your ſelf of your wet Cloaths, which 'your Abſence from your own Houſe will not 'permit you to perform.

His Reaſons followed by his Intreaties made me accord to leave the Garden, and without returning

turning any Anſwer I ſtraightways accompany'd him. We ſoon came to my Father's, where they all ſate up expecting my Return; but they no ſooner beheld me in that Condition and ghaſtly Diſtemper, but they ſtood like People charm'd with Amazement in their Looks. I was had to my Chamber by *Fidelio*, and ſome other Servants, where my Cloaths were taken off, and I betook my ſelf to my Bed; but Oh! the Horrors that accompany'd me the latter Part of this Night were numberleſs! if aſleep, *Deſdemona* preſented herſelf to the Eyes of my Soul; tho' my bodily Eyes were ſhut, yet ſuddenly ſtarting from my Trance, methoughts I ſaw that Object really, which Fancy form'd in my Dreams, ſo that fearfully calling out to *Fidelio*, which attended me; 'Oh, *Fidelio*! 'Doſt thou not ſee my deareſt *Deſdemona*, the 'Blood ſtreaming from her Fair Breaſt, now 'ſtanding by my Bedſide? Behold, now ſhe is 'going away out of the Door. Oh ſtay abus'd 'Innocence! and tell me the Reaſon thou doſt 'viſit me in that diſmal Poſture! Look *Fidelio* 'ſhe is gone, run and call her back again; de-'ſire her from me to return: By all the Affec-'tion that is between us conjure her not to de-'ny my Requeſt.

Here *Fidelio* to divert theſe Thoughts, made me this Diſcourſe. 'Sir (*ſaid he*) When melan-'cholly reigns predominant over a Man's Spi-'rits, it cauſes a Diſturbance in his Brain, 'which gives Birth to Thouſands of Phan-'taſtical and Fearful Apprehenſions, form'd 'from what we Fear and Fancy moſt. Ma-'ny times in ſuch Extreams Men imagine they 'meet with Ghoſts; others, that be Amorous

'Perſons,

‘ Perſons that they court their Miſtreſſes, enjoy
‘ all the delicious Reception they could wiſh,
‘ and the moſt obliging Diſcourſe, and ſweeteſt
‘ Entertainment paſs between them that they
‘ hold themſelves the only happy men, yet when
‘ they go to embrace the pleaſing Apparition,
‘ they claſp nothing but the brittle Air, the ſpi-
‘ rit is in continual Motion, and many times
‘ takes a Pleaſure to deceive the Senſes; as for
‘ Example, One imagines his deareſt Friend is
‘ dead, that dulls his happineſs; another, that
‘ is very Poor, dreams he poſſeſſes a Mine of
‘ Gold, this revives his Spirits, as before a diſ-
‘ conſolate Lover fancies he enjoys the lovely
‘ Object of his Deſires, this compleats his Feli-
‘ city, while another that's Rich, thinks he is un-
‘ done by ſome Caſualty; but as the miſt doth
‘ vaniſh before the Sun in a Summer's Morning,
‘ ſo do theſe Phantiſms when a Man comes to
‘ conſult with Reaſon; it rather increaſes their
‘ Miſery, and adds to their Felicity; the one
‘ being a bitter Potion to make the Happineſs
‘ taſte the ſweeter, and the other a deceitful
‘ ſweet, that makes their Miſeries reliſh more
‘ bitter; this Sir, I hope in good Time will be
‘ manifeſted in you, ſince we that inhabit this
‘ Iſle, always take theſe Illuſions and Dreams in
‘ their contraries, and apply them accordingly
‘ when a better Conſideration takes Place; as
‘ the Story that is related of a Poor Fiſherman
‘ of this Iſland, who drying his Nets on a ſteep
‘ Rock, fell aſleep, and in his ſleep dreamed he
‘ was a King, overjoy'd with ſo great a felicity
‘ he riſes, and in this Extaſy of Spirit fell a
‘ Dancing, ſo coming near the ſide of the Rock
‘ he falls down, and ends his Joys in a moment.

‘ it

'it is good to take warning by others Harms, 'not to let the Suggeſtion of a feigned Apper- 'ition ruin the Hopes of a real; *Deſdemona* re- 'mains entirely yours, and may bind her ſo 'by tying that inviolable Knot of Matrimony 'which you have already faſtened by ſo many 'Vows; ſince *Artemeſia* is dead there is no 'obſtruction can hinder you from giving her 'Satisfaction, and your ſelf Content.

Here *Fidellio* ended his Diſcourſe, when I embrac'd him in my Arms, ſaying, 'O my 'Friend! I am willing to believe whatever 'thou haſt related unto me, could it contain 'leſs of Truth; for the only happineſs wretch- 'ed Men receive is, when pleaſantly they de- 'ceive themſelves of what they deſire. I ſhou'd 'wiſh no greater happineſs were *Deſdemona* 'ſtill among the Living: I would ceaſe to ex- 'pect and aſpire to any greater Hope if I could 'once more embrace her in my Arms, and re- 'poſe this weary and diſturbed Head in her 'Boſom; it would prove a Corroſive to the 'greateſt of my Diſaſters. To-morrow, my '*Fidelio*, I will put thee to the Trouble once 'more to deliver me a Letter to *Deſdemona*, 'in the mean time I will endeavour, together 'with thee, to take a little Reſt.

Night had no ſooner fled away at Day's ap- proach, and the Sun had given notice of his riſ- ing to adorn the Day, but I left my weary bed, to conſider how to write ſome thing wherein I might oblige *Deſdemona* to be leſs offended with my Infidelity, ſo that taking Pen, Ink and Paper, I wrote to this Effect.

Almerin

ALMERIN *to* DESDEMONA.

My Deareſt Heart,

TO put thee out of Doubt of the Conſtancy of my Affections, altho Neceſſity compell'd me to an inforc'd Marriage, yet I know not how to repair the Fault, nor give thee a real Manifeſtation of my Love, but by deſtroying the Cauſe that gave us this Diſturbance; know then my Dear, that to enjoy thy Love, and to give thee an Example of the Integrity of my Heart, I have given my Wife Artemeſia *a Potion that hath carried her to her long Home; and what reſts there now but what I do thee Right and Equity, according to my vows, if you dare permit me to that Priviledge and Felicity, and give new Life to one that daily dies for you. Send my Pardon ſigned from your fair Mouth by this Meſſenger, in the Expectation of which I ſhall look to remain Miſerable or Happy. If you burn this Letter, the Thoughts of any future Danger is paſt; for I would not commit the Secrets of my Life to any but* Deſdemona, *ſince it was only ſhe alone that can diſpoſe of*

Almerin.

I had no ſooner ended my Letter, and fairly ſeal'd it up, with an Intention to deliver it to *Fidelio*, but I can't tell what horrid fate prompt me to the contrary, to go my ſelf in Perſon, alledging that my Preſence would procure more in *Deſdemona*'s Breaſt, than my Letter could; that my Fearfulneſs would ſeem Guilty: In fine theſe thoughts fled my former Reſolutions, I had

had ſcarce ended this Conteſt in my Spirit, but I heard my Father and Mother coming up to viſit me and inquire of my Health, they no ſooner knock'd at my Chamber Door, but haſtily taking up my Letter, I put it in my Pocket, calling to *Fidelio* to open the Door; which he had no ſooner perform'd, but they gave me the Good-morrow, intimating how much ſatisfy'd they were to ſee me in ſo different a Temper and Condition from what I was the laſt Night, they ſat down, where we had much Diſcourſe, too long here to relate. That Day they dined with me in my Chamber, and after many uſual Kindneſſes, ſuch as Parents confer on their deareſt Children, were beſtow'd on me, they bad me Farewel, and ſo left me; they were ſcarce out of Sight, but I began to make me ready to viſit *Deſdemona*. I went away accompany'd with *Fidelio*, towards her Fathers Houſe, but we had no ſooner, with our haſty Steps, leſſen'd the way and diſtance which ſeparated us, but behold, I ſaw a Coffin cover'd with black, adorn'd with a Garland of dainty Flowers laid on thy top, the Hearſe was ſupported and carried by four young Men, and Six Beautiful Maidens accompany'd 'em, each holding a part of the Hearſecloth, wherein they did imitate and ſilently ſpeak their willingneſs to do ſomthing obliging, it being the laſt Service they could perform to the Body of this poor departed Virgin; the Company were all cover'd with a Sable Black, their Pace ſilent and ſlow, bent towards the Great Temple of the City. This Sight began to freeze and chill my warm Blood; and that which gave ſuſpicion to my Fears was, becauſe I ſaw them come out of

Philaſter's

Philaſter's Houſe; to confirm me that I was not in an Error, I ſaw the Corpſe follow'd by the old Kt. and his Lady, who bedew'd his Snow white Beard with Tears, whilſt his Lady did water her aged Cheeks with the ſame Liquour; both paid the Tribute, exceeding the Cuſtom Men uſually pay to Nature; their Tears Countenance, and Actions. were ſuitable, did declare them to be in the Bitterneſs of Sorrow, and plung'd in the Depth of Woe.

I had accompany'd them to the Temple, had not my earneſt deſire I had to be reſolv'd of the worſt, prompted me to the contrary, and perſuaded me to go to the Houſe to be truly ſatisfy'd of my Fears. We ſoon came to the Door, and having knock'd, were met by a Servant of the Houſe, who did know me ſince I did firſt uſe to frequent the Houſe; and being acquainted with the Reſpect his Lord and Lady uſually paid me when I went thither, requeſted me to come in; where being enter'd I ask'd for the Kt. and his Lady, not taking notice that I had ſeen 'em, alſo for *Deſdemona*; to which he gave me a pitious look, letting drop from his Eyes many Tears 'Sir, ſaid he, you come in a time to 'ſee us bury'd in Woe, and to behold us over-'charg'd with Sorrow; for about 4 days ago, 'after my Miſtreſs *Deſdemona* had pin'd her 'Body with an inward Grief, and given to 'Sorrow the full Reins and whole Poſſeſſion in 'her Breaſt, ſhe kept the Occaſion ſo ſecret that 'her indulgent Parents knew not how to pro-'vide her a Remedy, or to apply a Comfort, 'Sorrow was painted in her Looks in ſo lovely 'a Character, and Grief had ſo ſweet an Im-'preſſion there, that it would perſuade Sadneſs

'in the moſt Mirthful and Jocund Beholders. 'She would tell ſo many pretty Stories of Love 'and of the Unconſtancy of Men, and pro-'nounce them with ſo ſweet, yet ſo Mournful 'an Action and Accent of Voice and Geſture, 'that ſhe never ended but ſhe left the Audi-'tors with Tears in their Eyes.

'This Day is five Days ſince, when her Spi-'rits being over-come with Grief, and her Sen-'ſes over-charg'd with Melancholly, ſhe fell 'into Deſpair, and walking out as if ſhe would 'receate herſelf in the Garden, ſhe retires her-'ſelf into a Houſe of Pleaſure, there privately 'ſituated, where imitating the Roman Dame '*Lucretia*, with a fatal Dagger ſhe wounds 'herſelf to the Heart.

'She was ſoon miſs'd by her Parents, but 'being ſeen by the Servants to walk into the 'Garden, ſhe was ſoon follow'd; but after they 'had ſearch'd every private Walk and Alley 'in the Garden, and ſought for her in every 'Thicket and ſhady Grove, and we could re-'ceive no Tidings, one of the Servants be 'thinks himſelf and runs haſtily up to this 'Houſe, where the firſt Object he caſt his 'Eyes on was this Spectacle of Pity; he runs 'down again amaz'd, making a lamentable 'Cry, ſaying, *Oh Sirs!* Deſdemona *hath ſlain 'herſelf in the Garden-Houſe, and yet retains 'the bloody Weapon in her Hand*; which was 'no ſooner heard, but they all began to be-'mone her with a loud and grievous Noiſe, 'which was ſoon over-hear'd by her Parents, 'but before they came ſhe was dead, no ſoon-'er was her Breath departed out of her Body 'but ſhe was convey'd in, and Surgeons ſent

'for

'for to Embalm her Body, whilſt her Parents
'went a-new to lament, uttering grievous
'Exclamations againſt the Perſon, which had
'been the Original Cauſe of their Sorrows, by
'being the Author of the Death of their Child,
'vowing a ſevere Revenge if ever they came
'to the Knowledge of the Author; thus they
'have ſpent the Day and Night in Sorrow, not
'admitting one Minutes Reſt in permitting
'the leaſt Ceſſation to their Griefs, till this
'Day accompanied with all their Friends, in
'a ſolemn manner they perform her Obſequies,
'and convey her Body to the Temple, to ſet in
'the Vault of her Anceſtors. This Sir, is the
'Reaſon they are now from Home, and not
'here, to give you ſuch Entertainment as be-
'fits and is due to his Worthineſs.

Having ended his Diſcourſe to my Amaze-ment, I deſir'd he would conduct me into the Garden, to the Place where *Deſdemona* acted this Tragick-Scene and Cataſtrophe of her Life; he returu'd me no Anſwer, but leading the way, we follow'd him till he brought us to the Place where ſo unfortunately ſhe yielded up her laſt Breath; here my Amazement was above what I can expreſs when I ſaw this was the ſame Houſe, where ſo falſely I firſt deceiv'd and robb'd *Deſdemona* of that Jewel which had prov'd the Main Cauſe of her Death now the Apparition I ſaw the laſt Night came bleeding freſh in my Memory, all my Crimes preſented themſelves in their own Colours; for wich my Conſcience bids me expect no other but a fulfil-ing of Murther'd *Artemeſia* Sentence; here I could not refrain from letting fall a Flood of Tears to the remembrance of one whom once

I lov'd ſo dear; when we left the Room, and began to take a turn or two in the Alleys, where the Memory of *Deſdemona* begat new Griefs in my Soul, and freſh Sluices from my Eyes; and fearing the Servants might gather ſome Suſpicion from my too deep Concernments, I drew out my Handkerchief to wipe a away thoſe rebellious Tears I could not reſtrain; and not being willing any longer to remain in ſo doleful Place, I took my Farewel of the Servant, deſiring him to tell his Maſter I would wait on him ſome other time when his Sorrow would better admit of a viſit, ſo I left the Houſe in ſuch an ill Compoſure of Body, and Diſturbance of Spirit, as ever tormented a poor afflicted Soul! At this time I had given a Period to my Life, had I not been reſtrain'd by *Fidelio*, who by Intreaties deſired me to preſerve my Life, yet could give me no Comforts or Reaſons why I ſhould prolong it, unleſs it were to add to my Miſeries.

When we were come Home, I betook me to my Chamber, caſting my ſelf on the Bed: 'And 'to what End, *Fidelio*, (*ſaid I*) ſhould I ſecure 'this miſerable part of Life that remains, *Deſ*-'*demona* is dead, and who would woe Death 'that ſees her ſo much approve of it? Why 'ſhall I ſtay behind, *Fidelio*! Let me go and 'ask her Pardon, and ſeek in the Bleſſed ſhades: 'Now *Fidelio*, what thinkeſt thou? Where the 'Apperitions Real and Feign'd I did behold, 'or Illuſions or Fancies, as thou wouldſt make 'me believe? Now Experience and Reaſon tells 'me it was the lovely Ghoſts of my deareſt '*Deſdemona*, which came to accuſe me of Per-'jury? Oh miſerable Man! Wretched Life! 'When wilt thou have an End?

Now

Now I began to grow an Object of Heaven's Juſtice; I was defil'd with Murther and Perjury; the firſt called for a ſpeedy Revenge; for the other Sins only ſpeak, Murther ſhrieks out; the Element of Water moiſtens the Earth, but Blood flies upwards and bedews the Heavens, which makes ſtrict Enquiry, and ſevere Inquiſition for Blood, and Triumphs in their Revenges; their curious ſearch ſoon found me out to make me an example of their Vengeance; there is nothing that is done ne'er ſo privately that can be hid from their ſight; the darkeſt Night cannot blind them, nor the craftieſt Mortals deceive them; were Sin committed in the botom of the Ocean, there they would behold them; whither then can a poor Sinner fly to avoid their Juſtice? If they ſhould fly to Heaven they are there; if to the Vaults below there they will likewiſe find 'em out.

For as I was repoſing my ſelf on my Bed, ſuddenly and unexpectedly our houſe was ſurrounded with armed Men, my Chamber Doors broke open, my Body ſeiz'd on, and taken Priſoner; being thus ſurpriz'd I demanded the Cauſe, and what Authority they did it; to which one return'd me this ſharp Anſwer, their Authority they had from the King, which I muſt obey, and the Occaſion the Death of your late Merried Wife of *Artemeſia* Daughter to the Earl of *Palermo*, ſuppos'd to be poiſon'd by you; with a Suſpicion which is conceiv'd of you that you are the Author and Cauſe of the Death of *Deſdemona*, Daughter and only Child to an aged Kt. of this City, call'd *Philaſter*; theſe are the Crimes objected againſt you, to which you muſt

anſwer; in the mean time you muſt yield Obedience to our Power, and immediately go along with us; This ſaid they laid Hands on me, and ſpeedily hurried me out of my Chamber to convey me to a Priſon; but we had not ſhortn'd half the Way between my Father's Houſe and the City Goal, but by the ſhine of the Moon, we might diſcern a Troop of Horſe, and perceive a ſmall Company of Foot, which in a void place of the City began to compaſs us about, which my Guard no ſooner deſcribed but they began to cry out *a Reſcue, a Reſcue*, but their Voices were ſoon ſtop'd by the Horſemen which over-ran them, and the Foot-men that bravely aſſaulted them; ſo that in a Moment I ſaw my Guard diſpers'd, my ſelf free, and bravely mounted on a freſh Horſe, whilſt I was wondering and muſing at the ſtrangeneſs of this Reſcue, I ſo one make towards me, which I preſently knew to be Fidelio: *Sir*, ſaid he to me, *Ceaſe your Amazement, and follow this Guard with ſpeed, for every Moment you ſtay here will be dangerous, and they will ſafely convey you to the Water-ſide, where a Veſſel attends you, provided by your Father, from whom, by my timely Notice, came alſo this Guard; for he now repents him of his Obſtinacy, which occaſioned theſe Evils, for which you were accuſed, fearing you are too much guilty to ſtand in Juſtification of your ſelf, and your Crimes too notorious to abide a Trial; and therefore being unwilling to leave you to to the Mercies and Severities of the Law, that himſelf firſt brought into Danger, waits for you at the Water-ſide, with ſome other Company.*

Being

Being conducted to the Veſſel, and the Wind blowing fair, ſo that we left *Syracuſa* far a-ſtern and in a few Hours after wholly loſt the ſight of the Iſland of *Sicilia*; the Gale continuing ſtill fair, we gained a Ken of the Iſle of *Malta*, where we did not land, but continuing our Courſe almoſt three Days we gained a View of the main Continent of *Africa*; and about the Evening of the third Day we anchor'd before the mighty City of *Carthage*, the Rival of the Roman Empire, between whom as yet Fortune had left it uncertain and doubtful which ſhould gain Precedency, and continue Maſters of all the then known World, ſince their Forces were equal and their Valour not much different, ſo that Fate had left it to be decided by the various Chances of War.

Here we landed and provided our ſelves of all Neceſſaries, as well Offenſive as Defenſive, and all other things needful, which our ſo haſty parting from *Syracuſe* would not permit us to provide and furniſh our ſelves withal; we lay there one whole Day, and then going a-board we weigh'd Anchor, and hoiſted Sail, and ſo made off to Sea; where our Intentions were to Cruze about, in expectation to meet with ſome Veſſels that came lately from *Syracuſe*, of whom we might inquire Tidings of what we all did ſo Paſſionately deſire to know.

It was now 7 Days ſince we parted from *Sicilia*, and two ſince we loſt the Coaſt of *Africa*, about the time of the Day when the Sun begins to decline towards the Weſt, when a Boy that ſtood Centinel on the Top-maſt Head ſuddenly cried out *A Sail, a Sail*; being demanded from

whence she steer'd her Course? He return'd answer, from *Sicilia*. This began to augment my ardent desire I had to have News from *Syracuse* so that I gave Commands to the Pilot to steer his Course to her, which he had no sooner perform'd, but the Boy call'd out again, saying, Prepare for your Defence, for this Vessel bears to us with all speed for an Assault. He had scarce ended these Words, but our Eyes did give us proof they were fit for a present Fight.

This sight caused them to forget the Concernments of others, and to think on nothing so much as to provide for their own safety; yet they agreed with one accord chearfully to make good their Defence, and manfully to guard themselves; we had hardly made our Preparations for a Resistance, but we saw this Vessel with great Dexterity and Agility ready to Board us on the Weather-side; their Ravelins in a Moment were ready to grapple with our Vessel; in the Performance of which we receiv'd a Brave Assault, and they as Gallant a Repulse; our Archers scarce spent an Arrow in vain, neither did theirs slack their Duty; the Fight continued sharp while we lay off the one from the other; but when in spight of our best Endeavours, they grappled our Vessels together, and then we came to Hand-blows, the Fight became dreadful and bloody on both sides; we were hardly fastned the one to the other but I heard him that seem'd to be Captain of the Vessel say these Words to his Soldiers. 'Arm your 'selves with Courage, *Noble Hearts*, and let 'the King of *Sicilia* know you are Valiant; we 'are not mistaken; see Fortune hath presented 'the Murtherous Villain an Object to our Eyes,

'and

'and brought him a Sacrifice to our juſt Re-
'ſentments; now let the Innocent Deaths of
'*Artemeſia* and *Deſdemona* ſharpen your Swords
'for a juſt Revenge, and let their ſorrowful
'Parents ſee your Fidelity and Intereſt you
'take in their Wrongs, when you preſent them
'with the Head of their Mortal Enemy.

When I did hear *Artemeſia* once named, I did gueſs of their Buſineſs; but I think the Nature of all Men is ſuch, that if they be wicked, yet they cannot brook to be exclaim'd againſt? and though I was guilty of all that was bad, yet I could not with Patience receive the Nick names of Villain and Murtherer; my Life was a Thing ſo wretched, and by me ſo little minded, that I ſhould not have given one mite for loſs of that I did not deſire to preſerve; yet the great promiſe this Fellow made of my Head, made me reſolve not to part from it friendly to my Enemies, at ſuch a time when I was in good Capacity to defend it; this rais'd my Anger to make a ſtout Reſiſtance, and his Oration caus'd his Soldiers to aſſail us with greater Courage; now the Fight began to be at the higheſt, and a great Number of Men was ſlain on both ſides, this Battle was fought till the Sun began to bid good night to our Horizon, leaving this upper World in Darkneſs: yet Fortune had left it doubtles to which ſide ſhe would incline; when we were preſſed by our Enemies, with ſo much Force and Vigour that my Men were forced to retire, whilſt they furiouſly mounted our Veſſel; here I expoſed my ſelf to certain Dangers, very willing to part with Life ſo I could have loſt it nobly in reſiſting my Enemies; but Death flies them that ſeek him, and intrudes

on such as desire his Absence; as I was desperately braving the utmost Dangers, I met and and engag'd with their Commander, so greedily we combated one with another, and with so much desire endeavour'd the Ruin of each other, that it was no wonder Fortune made haste to determine of the End, many a cruel Blow was exchang'd, till at last I push'd my Enemy so closely, and redoubled my Blows with so much Violence, that directing a Blow which fell on his Head with my greatest force, it parted it in two, so that he fell down sprawling on the Deck; thus he which had so confidently disposed of my Head, could not secure his own from my Sword.

This Sight began to abate the Courage of our Enemies, and to revive the Spirits of my almost vanquish'd Men; for returning upon our desparing Enemies with a greater Force than at first, they made a mighty Slaughter; and having dispatch'd all those in our own Vessels, with great speed, we boarded our Enemies, so that the Offensive were now become the Defensive, and performed their Parts so ill in maintaining it, that we soon became Conquerors of the other Ships, committing all the Souls to the Places papointed for their Deserts, where the Spirits of all Men are rewarded according to their Merits; the dead Bodies of our Men and also of our Enemies, we cast over-board into the Sea.

The Night became extream dark, not one Star appeared in the Firmament, as if they had disdained to behold so bloody a Tragedy, so that we were forced to strike up Lights, the better to see to clear our Vessels of the Dead Carcasses; my

self

ſelf with a Torch in my Hand went to behold the Slain in the Enemies Veſſel, where the Soldiers, the Tempeſt of their Revenge being not yet ſtilled, witho t Pity caſt as well the Waunded as the Dead out of the Veſſel, when their Wounds, Miſeries, Intreaties, Prayers, nor diſmal Moans, could perſwade them to Mercy.

Among many that were thus uſed, one of them whom my Men had taken up in their Arms ready to caſt him away into the Billows of the raging Ocean, cried out, 'O Sirs! Spare me one Memen' and bring me to your Commander, to whom I 'ſhall relate ſuch Secrets as he is as yet Ignorant 'of'; this had not preſerved his Life if I had not given a ſpeedy command to the S ldiers to hold their Hand, and running with their Lights I came alſo with mine, for to ſee if I knew him, but his Blood had ſo diſfeatur'd him as I could gather no certain Knowledge that I had ever ſeen him before; which the wounded Man ſeeing, with a mournful and low Voice, uttered theſe Words, Sir, ſaid he, you knew me better about 8 Days ſince, when you came to viſit my Maſter Philaſter, when you ſeem'd ſo much concern'd in the Relation I made you of the woeful Death of my Miſtreſs Deſdemona; he had ſcarce ended theſe Words, but through Weakneſs he ſunk down in the Arms of the Men that ſupported him. I commanded he ſhould be conveyed away to a Cabbin with ſpeed, and that my own Surgeon ſhould carefully dreſs his Wounds; all which was as ſoon performed as commanded; my Gratitude to the poor Man required thus much. But I had other ſound Reaſons induced me to preſerve his Life, if poſſible, ſince it was only from him, now all his Companions was Dead I

did

did not look for a true Relation and Intelligence how my Affairs ſtood affected in *Syracuſe* As my own Intereſt required his Safety, yet for *Deſdemona*'s Sake, whoſe Remembrance I did preſer above my Life, conſidering he was once hers, I could do no other but eſteem of him highly, and thank Fortune, who had offered me this Opportunity that I might in ſome meaſure expreſs the Kindneſs I did yet retain for his Miſtreſs, and my Dear *Deſdemona*.

After we had cleanſed our Enemies Veſſel, it being the ſtrongeſt built, and Boring Holes in the Bottom of the forſaken Veſſel, we ſunk it in the Sea, which being performed, we hoiſted Sails, directing our Courſe towards the City of *Algiers* in *Barbary*, ſo that it was about the Hour of Two in the Morning when I betook my ſelf to my Cabbin to have my Wounds dreſs'd I had receiv'd in the laſt Fight; when the Surgeon had ſearched them, he aſſured me none of them were Mortal:

Thus ſuch as deſperately ſeem regardleſs of their Lives, by a ſlight of Fortune preſerve them; what ſhould occaſion it I cannot tell; if it be not that reaſonable Men fly ſuch as imprudently and laviſhly caſt away their Lives, eſteeming them mad or frantick that ſo inconſiderately endanger themſelves; or elſe Fortune and Victory, which be always Friends to Bold and Reſolute Men, and aſſiſt reſolute Spirits in their confident Enterprizes, have agreed with Nature, who has planted a timerous Fear in the Hearts of Man when he is aſſaulted above his Expectations, and ſees Wonders acted beyond his Capacity or Thoughts is daunted, being ſo ſuddenly ſurpriz'd, their bold Aſſailer gives them

them not time to recollect their Thoughts, but preſſes more fierce and deſperately on them, that they ſtand gazing like Men Metamorphos'd not having the Courage to defend themſelves, nor ſcarce to run away to preſerve their Lives, ſuch Advantage ſeems to wait on Reſolute Spirits, that their Enemies are charm'd, and when they meet a Spirit above their own, like all Men, they yield Precedency, and obey the greater, yielding Obedience to them as to their Superiors; Victory as it were, hovering her Wings over their Heads, to fright their Enemies, and to preſerve them ſafe.

But I dare not aſcribe my Fortune to ſuch a Cauſe, I fear juſt Heavens have preſerved me from ſuch ſmall Dangers for my greater Misfortunes, to make me a more ample Example of their Juſtice; for methinks Sleeping or Waking I hear poor *Artemeſia* ſounding that dreadful Sentence in my Ears, (that when I ſeek death, it ſhould fly me, and when I ſhould deſire to keep it, I ſhould be ſuddenly cut off) and I greatly fear the Iſſue, ſince that after *Artemeſia*'s death and laſtly, of my deareſt *Deſdemona*, I did always eſteem my Life as of a Thing not worth preſerving, being a Commodity I was always willing to part with, ſince my Heart told me I could expect no Comfort, now all my Felicity was vaniſh'd away in the Original Cauſe, from whence it firſt receiv'd its Birth, and afterwards the Fewel that did preſerve it.

But, now, Madam (ſaid he) turning his face towards *Cynthia*, I begin to find contrary Effects working in my Spirits ſince I have been ſo fortunate to have you in my Cuſtody, ſo that I begin now to prize my Life at its true Value and

Worth

Worth, and did never truly desire to live again until this Moment; I pray Heaven my Prophetick Fears be not Presages and Forerunners of the Dangers which are related shall happen unto me,

Here *Almerin* proceeded forwards in relating the misfortunes of his Life, whilst fair *Cynthia* could not refrain from spending some Tears out of the Treasury of her own Misfortunes in Pity to the unfortunate Loss of lovely, yet miserable *Desdemona*. Madam, (said he) after my Wounds were dress'd I betook my self to my Bed, but not before I had inquir'd of the Health and Condition the Prisoner was in; the Surgeon having assur'd me off his Life, I did endeavour my self to take a little Rest, after so much Pain and Toil.

Long wish'd-for Day at last appeared, and *Phœbus* with his Glorious Rays cast a resplendent Lustre on the Face of the Water, when I arose from my weary Bed, my Wounds permitting me, and my Desires perswading and calling on me, to the Chamber of the Wounded Man, from whose Mouth I did now expect to hear the Sentence and Period of my Miseries, or to receive some little Comfort to sweeten my Calamities; after I had been assured by my Surgeon that he was in a Capacity to be visited, I cannot say whether my Resolutions, or the Performance, were soonest put in Action, since hardly was the one conceiv'd, but the other receiv'd Birth, such speedy Execution always attends on things of this Nature, that nothing can without Repugnance make a demur to defer it; I went, but indeed accompanied with such fears as forbidden Lovers are possessed

with

with when they go to pay their unwelcome Oblations to the Goddeſs they adore, who fear to ask, fearing to be refuſed; being come to his Cabbin, and inquiring of his Health, ſuch gratulations having paſs'd between us as are common and familiar to be uſed to one in ſuch Extremity, I beſpake him in this manner: My Friend, you may gueſs it is ſomewhat extraordinary, that would not admit of delay, which hath made me ſo ſoon venture forth to give you this untimely Viſit, which is dangerous to my ſelf, and troubleſome to you; Fortune has obligʼd me, in the midſt of all my Miſeries, in making me the preſerver of one which ſometime was *Deſdemona*'s, Love to her perſwaded me to be thus tender of your Welfare; but I have other Buſineſs of Conſequence which drew me hither, and would ill agree to be deferʼd to a longer time; it is the Welfare of my Father and Mother, by whoſe Intreaty I left *Syracuſe*, leaving them engaged at the Moment of my departure in a fearful Skirmiſh; Nature perſwades and my Fears thruſt me forwards, to receive ſome Satisfaction from your Intelligence.

The wounded Man raiſing himſelf up in his Bed caſting his Eyes on me with a downcaſt and mournful Look, with a weak Voice he utterʼd theſe Words. Sir, I ſhould ill requite you for the gratuity of my Life to give you a Relation that will add to your Torments; and it had been far better your Soldiers had caſt me into the Sea, than that the Remainders of this woeful Life being preſerved, ſhould endeavour to put a Period to yours, leave this fatal News to be diſcoverʼd by time, and let not your

your Curiosity undo you; I feel my Life growing towards an End, and all that is Man about me begins to decay, let not the last Fragments of my Life be a Medicine to procure your disquiet, rather than the Repose you expect. Here he continued silent, expecting my Reply, so that I return'd him this Answer. Let not any concernments of mine defer your Relation; for Dangers and Misfortunes are become so familiar unto me, that the strangeness is no Novelty, nor the Bug bears are not horrid enough to frighten me; I am armed against the worst Effects of Fortune that you can relate has befallen me; there is nothing now can make me more Miserable then I am already, by the last Discourse of the lamentable Loss of my dearest *Desdemona*.

Sir, (*reply d he*) these be the Effects and Symptoms of a noble mind, to hear with Adversity as well as Prosperity; that can welcome Misfortunes as well as Felicities; that is not Ambitious in his Happiness, or despairing in his Miseries, but wisely yields to what he cannot shun; seeing I have found you in this Temper I shall make no farther scruple to satisfy your request. Sir, you may understand, that you had scarcely passed the Threshold of my Master's Door but he and his Lady come Home, accompany'd only with some few of their Friends, the rest having parted from them at the Grave; and these stay'd not long, but comforting them in the best Wise they might, urging Patience as the best Remedy to cure their Miseries they soon left them to return to their several Places of Abode. Now being destitute of all that could disturb them, they became their own disturbers

ſturbers and being alone, they had a more ample Opportunity, to diſcover the true value of what they had loſt; they began now to conſider they had loſt the Light of their Eyes, the Staff of their Age, and the Glory of their Houſe, in a Moment when they did leaſt expect it; and that ſhe did not die by Age, or Sickneſs, or any Diſeaſe incident to Mankind, but that ſhe was torn away out of their Arms in the Flower of her Youth and Beauty.

Here they let fall a ſhower of Briney Tears, bedewing the place where they ſate, and filling the Room with the Eccho of their Complaints. When that Storm of Grief was ſomething allay'd, they went Hand in Hand into the Garden, and from thence unto the Houſe of Pleaſure there ſituated, and the ſame where *Deſdemona* perform'd the laſt Violence on her ſelf; their Intention, as far as I could gueſs being to ſpend the remainder of thoſe Tears they had yet left in the ſame Place, where their dearest Daughter had expired; they had newly ſeated themſelves, and began with great freedom to vent their ſorrows, which ſate ſo heavy upon their Hearts, out of the Floodgates of their Eyes, the Place well ſuiting to accompany them in their Woes, as they continu'd in this grievous Exceſs of Miſery, a little Spaniel Dog, which always us'd to follow him, and in whom, before he was taken up with Sorrow, he us'd to take great Delight, had been ſearching and hunting up and down the Walks, and young Springs and Thickets in the Garden, and at laſt came up into the Houſe, and after he had before them wantonly play'd with a Paper, which he had brought in his Mouth, as his uſual Customs were to

carry

carry all things he found to his Maſter, at laſt he brought this, where he ſtood friſking his Tail, as willing his Maſter to receive, and make much of him for what he had brought him; but becauſe it was common with him daily to do as much, they neglected him as a Thing of no Concernment; when the Dog ſaw he had not that Welcome he us'd to receive, he leap'd up with his Paws on his Maſter, making a kind of a howling Noiſe, and holding up the Paper towards him in his Mouth; this Action made my Maſter ſomething more Attentive; and as he would have thrust him from him, looking ſomething nearer on the Paper that the Dog ſtill held in his Mouth, he diſcover'd it to be a Letter fairly folded and ſealed up, which he no ſooner did perceive, but he took it out of his Mouth. After he had looked on the Letter, and ſaw the Directions to *Deſdemona*, he ſhewed it to his Lady, and both of them defering their Sorrows for a ſmall time, they open'd the Letter, wherein they found not only Likelihood and Suſpicion, but certain Aſſurance, that you had been the only Cauſe, and none elſe beſide, of all their Misfortunes; that you had Poiſoned your Married Wife *Artemeſia*; and although not actually, yet your ſelf was the Chief in the Tragedy of *Deſdemona*; I need not tell you what it contain'd, ſince it was written by your ſelf, and Sign'd with your own Hand, being ſeal'd with your Signet at Arms.

At the Period of this (ſaid *Almerin* to *Cynthia*, who gave earneſt Attention to his diſcourſe) the Wounded Man growing faint, deferr'd his Relation for a ſmall time. Now to my Coſt I began to ſee how Heaven glories in divulging

the

the Faults and Crimes of Offenders; and leſt we ſhould aſcribe and refer the revealing of them to common Cauſes, ſee they make a poor Spaniel Dog the Inſtrument of my Diſcovery; thus the moſt neglected and forgotten Things they many times make Executors of their Will, leſt Men ſhould ſay ſuch things came by Fortune, and ſuch by chance; but in this example we may behold the immediate Hand of Heaven made manifeſt to our Capacity; as for my Letter, ſince the time my Reſolutins were alter'd concerning the ſending of it, as I have formerly related unto you, my Father and Mother coming in accidentally to viſit me the Morning of the ſame Day that I ſaw *Deſdemona* afterwards convey'd to the Temple, fearing then they might have ſurpriz'd me, in what I did endeavour to make a Secret to them, I put it haſtily into my Pocket, to conceal it, not once minding or thinking on the ſecuring of that which did ſo much concern the Safety of my Life. Afterwards when I came to *Deſdemona*'s Father's Houſe, where this Man gave me the whole Particulars of her Death; which when I had heard, leaving *Fidelio* and him together, I went into one of the moſt ſecret Alleys in the Garden, that I might give my Griefs unſeen the greater Current; where I drew out my Handkerchief to wipe off the wandering Tears that iſſued from my Eyes, and at that fatal Moment, as far as I can conceive by Conjectures, with that I drew out the letter, ſo that my repentance and Sorrow turn'd to my greater Rebuke and Puniſhment.

The Man proceeded forwards in his Relation (ſaying) After that they both underſtood by your Letter that you were the only Author of all

the

the Calamities that had befallen them, they left off to grieve, and began now only to think of Revenge, which would be more acceptable to the injur'd Spirit of *Desdemona* than their fruitless Tears. Now Revenge reigned Supreme in their Thoughts; my Master, as if his youth had been renew'd at the sight of your Letter, leaving his Lady at home, ran nimbly to the Judges of Criminal Causes, where producing the Letter, they with all Diligence let him have Power and Authority to apprehend you; to this end and purpose the Corrigedor was strongly assisted with many of my Master's Friends, where they seiz'd you in your Fathers House, and by your Father's Order you were again rescu'd, and convey'd to the Water-side, where you escaped away; your Escape being made good by your Father, a strong party of Men assaulted him, which were Friends to my Master, and he making good his Defence was there slain; scarce was he fallen but the Garrison of the City came in, having notice from your Servant which you left with him with what unequal Odds he was assaulted; immediately they encompassed them in with all their Forces, destroying all of them, leaving not a Man alive, so cruelly Revenging them for the Death of their Commander they so dearly affected; your Servant being over-earnest, and too forward in his Revenge for his Master's death, unhappily was slain on the Place; your Mother was convey'd in a deadly Trance home to her own House, where for very Grief for the Death of her Husband, and the loss of you, she in a few Hours died.

Day

Day at laſt appeared, yet bluſhing to behold the Cataſtrophe of ſo fatal a Tragedy, where the Streets lay cover'd with Blood and diſmembred Men; Fame ſoon carried tidings of this Tumult and Diſturbance to King *Tancredus*, who ſojourn'd then with the earl of *Palermo*, who from my Maſter hearing the certain Cauſe of his daughter's death provoking the king to a ſpeedy Revenge, ſo that with all Expedition he returned to *Syracuſe*, where his Preſence quitted the Remains of any further Stirs, there was diligent Enquiry made to diſcover you, but hearing you were gone, he ſent many Veſſels in purſuit of you amonſt many that were ſent forth, the Earl of *Palermo* and my Maſter ſent out this we are now in, at their own Charge, manning it with their own Servants, thinking their Interest would oblige them to revenge their Injuries more fully, promiſing great Rewards to us all if we could ſecure you Alive, or if Dead, to produce your Head; in the mean time our Veſſel was Rigging, and making ready to put forth to Sea, your Father and Mother were both ſolemnly Interr'd in the great Temple of the City. Soon after we put to Sea, and in two Days time had the ill Fortune to meet with you what then happened is Bleeding freſh in Memory, and therefore needs no Rehearſal; all that I know I have related unto you, which will be Caution enough I hope to perſwade you forth of theſe narrow Seas, if you do prize your Life, and the Lives of theſe Men that accompany you, ſince there is no Harbour on the *African* Shore will ſecure you; for *Sicilia* being under the Goverment of the *Carthagenians* the Senate will not deny *Sacredus* Things of greater

greater Conſequence than the delivering of you up into his Hands, and to fly to the *Romans* is both dangerous and perilous, ſince it is difficult the Seas being ſo beſet for you, that you can't paſs without diſcovery; I find Death taking Poſſeſſion of my mortal Body and Soul, which is but a Tenant at Will ready to leave his Habitation; let not the laſt remainders of this Life, to which you have ſhown ſo much kindneſs, be an occaſion to deſtroy yours; that I may in ſome ſort die freed from the obligation I ſtand indebted unto you in, I deſire you to Live; but I hold it better for me to die than to ſee ſo many Miſeries acted over afreſh again as I have been Spectator of; I feel Death ſeizing on me. Oh! whether am I going? To ſtrange and unknown Shades, from whence none yet ever return'd back again to give a Deſcription, but what ever it be, it is a Reſting-place for Innocency, then farewel reſtleſs World, I ſhall find that there I could never find in the. He pronounced theſe laſt Words imperfectly, and giving a grievous Groan he ſoon gave up the Ghoſt.

I no ſooner ſaw him departed away, but drawing my Sword intending to have pierced my Heart, but being perceiv'd by ſome Officers of the Ship, which were preſent at this Relation, ſuddenly they refrain'd me from being my own Murtherer, and by Force taking my Sword from me, they convey'd me to my Cabbin, as a frantick and deſperate Man; but firſt removing from thence all Things wherein there lay any Thought of Danger, appointing my Phyſician, and Four Men beſides to attend me; and gathering together in Council, they agreed to ſteer their Courſe towards the Kingdom of

Norway,

Norway, the rather becauſe they had heard that my Grandfather was a Man of great Repute in thoſe Parts; and for that Reaſon they did all concur, like the Heart of one Man, in their Reſolves and Opinions of going thither. Away we went forth of the Mediterranean Sea, paſs'd the *Streights* of *Gibralter*, or *Hercules Pillars*, touching at the Iſle of *Cadiz*, and taking in freſh Water and Victuals needful for ſo long a Voyage, we left the *African* Shore aſtern, and ſailed away due North; when I came ſomething better to my ſelf I could not much gainſay or diſapprove what they had done, ſince I had nothing could detain or perſwade my return to *Syracuſe*, ſince all my Joys were vaniſh'd in the Loſs of *Deſdemona*, and my dear Parents.

It would be too tedious to give you a Relation over what Seas we paſs'd, and how many dangers we eſcap'd, ſailing over mighty Waters where the Waves like Mountains did almoſt lift us up to the Skies, and then again to caſt us into a Valley like the Jaws of Death, ſo that the Death we did fly from did ſeem to meet us, and that which we would have ſhunn'd began to overtake us; but by Heavens Ordinance, which would not permit my wretched Life ſhould ſo end, we eſcaped theſe fearful and dreadful Dangers, and were preſerved free from Shipwreck, where every Wave threatned Ruin and every Storm Deſtruction, ſo that at laſt we arriv'd ſafely at ——————— where caſting forth our Anchors, and furling our Sails, we we went aſhore, where we ſoon found the great Alteration of the Climate.

Here

Here was I accounted of a Stranger, all thought I had my Original from hence; and indeed I might well be term'd so, since the Country Customs and Manners of the People were all strange to me; and rather begat an Admiration, to see a Kingdom so very Poor, than a Hope to receive any Sustenation from them: I verily believe if King *Tancredus* and the Earl of *Palermo* had known of my being there, they would have scarce made so long and dangerous a Journey after me; so that I need not have given the King of *Norway* the Trouble to protect me in his Dominions; the very Coldness of his Country and dangerous Seas that lay betwixt *Sicilia* and this Place, were of Force enough for our Safety.

But Life alone without a Livelihood to maintain it, is a continual Death; I could not without great Ingratitude leave these poor Men, who had so willingly made themselves Companions in my Misfortunes to perish in an unknown Land. We staid there about five Months, and all the Wealth I did enjoy served only to defray our Charges. Necessity began so much to straiten me, that I had nothing left wherewithal to maintain almost an Hundred Men. And nothing remained but the bare and intire Ship. What enforced me to offer it to Sale; the poor Men hanging down their Heads with the Sense of Sorrow in Expectation of their future Condition, none offered to object against the Proposal I had made, for Nature call'd to be satisfied, many Merchants residing there offered to Buy it, but we could not suddenly agree of the Price.

We

We were in this desperate Condition, when a strange Man or rather a Monster of a Man accosted us; his Stature was Talk, his Body Big, proportionable to his Height, his Looks very Grim and Fierce, his Hair dangling in Curls on his Shoulders like wreath'd Snakes, his Beard long and Peak'd, his Mouth Big, his Nostrils, Wide, his Nose Sharp, his Face Wrinkled, yet his Eyes darted Fire; his Cloth was made of Bear Skins, he came towards me with a Grave and Solid Pace; and standing still a little time, first viewing me, then casting his Eyes on my Men, he thus spoke, *Sir, were there not Graves enough in* Sicilia, *but you must needs bring these poor Wretches to make their Tombs in the Snow which covers all this Country? Marvel not that I say* Sicilia, *for I can relate the deepest Secrets which occasion'd you to abandon your Country, to retire your self to this miserable Place, where Famine is ready to seize on you all; let your Folly proceed no farther as to make Sale of your Vessel, for with that you make of your Lives; I know you will plead Necessity as your Excuse, but that shall be suddenly remedied by me; let your Men go aboard your Vessel, and expect the Issue, and about the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night fail not to meet me here exactly.* This said, away he went, leaving me in Amazement at his discourse; yet hoping the best, and desirous to see the end, I request my Men to go aboard, which accordingly they did.

The appointed Hour being come, and the time drawing near, and I accordingly attending at the Place nominated; when after a small stay-ance, by the glimmering Light of the Stars, which shine very Bright in these Northern

Parts, I could perceive one make up towards me, and when the Diſtance began to grow leſs between us, I ſoon diſcern'd it to be the ſame Man which had order'd my being there at that Time; when he caſt his Eyes on me, and ſaw ſtand there ready, without ſpeaking one Word unto me he caſt a Mantle on the Ground, bidding me remove from the Place where I ſtood, and ſtand upon it; his fearful Looks, ſtrange Actions and Geſtures, made me fear to abide the Iſſue, yet having not Courage enough to diſobey his Commands, I went and ſtood upon it accordingly; which I had no ſooner done, but he plac'd himſelf by me, and drawing out a Book forth his Boſom, he began to read ſtrange Characters in an unknown Language, which I underſtood not; with a Wand which he had in his Hand three Times he circled the Mantle, then turning himſelf to the Eaſt, then to the Weſt, then to the South, and laſtly to the North, when on a ſudden there aroſe a Tempeſtuous Wind, and in a Moment the Mantle began to remove off from the Ground, and nimbly to mount with us into the Air; in a few Moments we were lifted up above the ſight of Earth, flying ſwiftly away on the Wings of the Wind, till about the Hour that *Lucifer*, that Glorious Star, did begin to appear, then the Mantle began to diſcend towards the Earth in a ſtrange unknown Place, and ſoftly ſeated us hard by the Mouth of a diſmal Cave, he beckon'd me to follow him, which accordingly I did; being enter'd the Cave I did behold many ſpacious and ſumptuous Room richly hang'd with Cloth of Arras and Tapeſtry: I ſtill followed him into the midſt of the Vault, where hu-

a Bright and ſhining Carbuncle, which gave a clear Light to the reſt of the Rooms; all the Living Creatures I did behold paſſing along were many ill-favoured old Women, deformed above what I can deſcribe, or you imagine; ill-ſhapen, and more ſtrangely attired; they all yielded a kind of Reverence to this Old Man as their Chief; we went through many Rooms, till at laſt we came into an inner Parlour, more diſmal and fearful than the reſt; on the Walls was painted many ſtrange and monſtrous Shapes; in the midſt of the Room hung Two Lamps, which gave a Blue and dim Light, from which iſſued a Sulphurous and ſtinking Stench of Brimſtone; hard by the Lamps was ſeated a large round Table, and on the Table lay a very great Book, and by the Table ſtood a Chair, far above the common Size, here he ſeated himſelf, and leaning his Head on his Right Hand about a quarter of an Hour, he was very earneſt in turning over the Leaves of the Book, and at laſt leaving it open on the Table, he turn'd himſelf towards me, and beſpake me thus.

'*Almerin* of *Sicilia*, thou art come to purchaſe a Habitation in this remote Part of the 'World; wonder not at what you have ſeen, 'nor at what you ſee, but leave your Admiration intire for the time to come, for the Days 'draw near at Hand when your Wealth ſhall 'exceed the Riches of *Norway*; Merchants from 'remote Parts ſhall be happy in your Favour; 'the time is come when Fame ſhall ſound the 'Report of you in this World; for your cruelties ſhall make you famous. *This ſaid he turned the Book towards me:* 'Look here, *ſaid he*,

'and behold this huge Volum, fill'd with the 'Names of ſuch Servants as I have taken in 'the behalf of my Lord *Lucifer*; it is no ſmall 'Advantage that he deſigns you the honour to 'be one of his. *This ſaid, he offer'd me Pen & Penknife, and a ſmall Cup, ſaying,* 'What you 'do, perform it quickly, for the Night begins 'to grow old, and you have many Miles to 'return to the Place from whence you came.

I, who then had not Reaſon to conſider of the Circumſtances, thinking this *Lucifer* was ſome great God, that our Forefathers did never know, and that he was pitiful becauſe he commiſerated my woful condition and judging my ſelf happy in being own'd by ſo great a Deity, I made no Scruple to perform what he commanded me; ſo that taking the Penknife, I open'd a Vein in my left Arm, while the old Seignor held the Cup to receive the Blood, and having bled ſome ſmall Quantity, I ſtopp'd the Inſicion, and wrote according to the Preſidents of others there before me, and ſigned it with my Name, this done he deliver'd a bag of Gold into my Hands, ſaying, *Let this ſuffice to Victual your Ship, and provide what Neceſſaries you are in want of; you muſt now turn Rover, or in a more proper Senſe, Pyrate, and by that means raiſe your Fortunes on the Sea; here alſo will I give you a Treaſure ſhall help you in your Need, and ſecure you in the midſt of Dangers. Saying this he ſhew'd me a ſwall Compaſs, denominating and ſhewing the Four Quarters of the World. Here* (continued he) *is a Jewel not to not to be valued; if you want to ſail towards the Eaſt, you ſhall obtain your Deſire; if you are perſued, ſail towards the Weſt, and you ſhall ſecure*

your

ſecure your Retreat; yet take this Caution with you, that you ſteer at ſuch Time, according to the ſeveral Points of this Compaſs, and not of the known Quarters of the World, for this varies from them Rules; now what remains, but that you ſit and eat what is prepared for us, and that you return again to your Veſſel.

This ſaid, he left that diſmal Room, and conducted me to one of the Tables I ſaw cover'd at my firſt coming in, where we ſeated ourſelves being ſerved and attended by an ill-look'd Old Woman. Having taken ſome ſmall Repaſt, the Cloth was taken away, and for his Diverſion he commanded the Old Woman to come before him, which was no ſooner done, but pronouncing many ſtrange Speeches, from the moſt ſecret Part of the Cave the was heard to proceed a bewitching and delightful Noiſe of ſweet charming Muſick; at the hearing of this the Old deformed Woman began to Dance in form, according to the Stops of the Muſick, when in a Moment the ſweetneſs chang'd, ſeeming more rude and harſh; and in the turning of a Hand, theſe old Hags were transform'd into the ſhape of Wolves, ſtill dancing after a Ruſtick manner; immediately the Muſick altered, and they became all Metamorphoſed into the ſhape of Lions and by the changing of the Notes into their own Likeneſs again, and ſo continuing dancing while the Melody ceas'd, and then they gave over, after which the Old grim Vizier thus beſpake me.

I would detain you with me longer, but the Time is ſhort, and your Journey long, and your Men ardently expect your Return; but before you go, take this Preſent from my Hand; it is of no

ſmall eſteem, neither will it be of mean Uſe unto you; by Virtue of this Folus *ſhall be your Slave, and* Boreas *and* Zephirus *ſhall attend you, and* Fortune *in ſpight of herſelf ſhall be your Friend.* This ſaid he drew from his Boſom a ſmall Cord knit with about One Hundred Knots: *If you becalmed* (continued he) *undo one of theſe knots, and you ſhall have a Gale according to your Deſire at all times, and on all Occaſions; for my own Part I cannot accompany you back to your Veſſel, but one of theſe ſhall; pointing to the Old Women.*

This ſaid we aroſe from the Table and went forth, where one of the Hags ſpread a Mantle on the Ground. I was ordered as before to ſtand on it, while he placed one of theſe horid Monſters by my Side, which being done he takes his Book, as at firſt, and circling the Mantle with his Wand he bade me Farewel; mean while the Mantle aroſe from the Ground, and aſcended aloft into the Air, ſo that we ſoon loſt ſight of the Cave, and parting the Air with an incredible ſwiftneſs, being carried after ſuch a rate that in a ſmall time we had gained the Kingdom of Norway, *and the Mantle began to deſcend where it firſt took me up; I was no ſooner gone off it, but immediately it vaniſhed from my ſight, ſo that I had not a Minutes time to return Thanks for theſe Kindneſſes ſo freely confer'd on me.*

The Day began now to break in the Eaſt, which forced the ſhades of Night to retire; (while I ſtood muſing on the ſtrange Paſſages) *Aurora* leap'd nimbly from watry *Neptune.* This ſight cauſed me to make means to get Aboard, which I ſoon purchas'd; where coming I found my Men almoſt Dead with Deſpair; but my return

return began to enliven and quicken their hope, and from my Countenance they began to preſage of their own good Fortunes; being unwilling to keep them in ſuſpence, I ſhewed them the Gold, and acquainted them on what Terms it was given; I gave them a true Rehearſal of all the Accidents that had befallen me from the Time I left them unto that preſent Hour: And alſo the Diſcourſe of the old Man, touching my ſelf and them; I left nothing unreveal'd of all that happen'd, but diſcover'd all to a Tittle; my diſcourſe charm'd them ſo, that they all jointly with one Aplauſe willingly offer'd to continue ſubject to my command, and freely to ſpend their Lives in my Defence; I gave them many Thanks for their Affection formerly ſhewed, and their Kindneſſes ſtill continued towards me, and diſtributing to every Man a Piece of Gold, I kept the reſide to provide Neceſſaries for the Ship; we all went aſhore, merily Frolicking out the enſuing Day; all of them baniſhing their Fears, began to grow Sprightly and Lively, like many Flowers that in the Abſence of the Sun drop their Heads, and at its return receive new Life. From this new Hope they received freſh Courage; and they that not an Hour before had not Valour enough to defend themſelves with the thought of what they had, and the Hope and Expectation of what they might have, became confident and reſolute; ſo that the greateſt impoſſibilities became eaſy, and the greateſt Difficulies poſſible to be overcome by 'em. The next Day towards the Evening we weighed Anchor, and looſed the Sails, which had lain a long time furled up; letting fly our Colours away we went, leaving the

City of ——— at our Backs; and now to Experience my Compas we ſteer'd towards the Eaſt accordingly, and being impatient to prove the Trial of my Knots, I looſed one, and upon a ſudden there aroſe a ſtiff Gale of Wind, which forced our Ship ſo wards with ſuch ſpeed, that with our Canvas Wings it rather ſeemed to Fly than to Sail; thus we ſpent the greateſt part of the Night, thinking it to be long and tedious, becauſe it doth ſo much difer our Expectations of the enſuing Day. Long-wiſh'd for Day at laſt appear'd, ſo that we might diſcern on our Lar-board ſide a very Stately Ship ſailing along; at this ſight we altered our Courſe, and made up to it with ſpeed, and ſtorm'd it with our Arrows, but found ſo ſmall a Reſiſtance that we ſoon Boarded the Ship, making Prize of all, as well Ship as Lading. We followed the ſame Courſe we formerly ſteer'd by the Directions of the Compaſs; in a few hours laſt we took two Ships more, both richly laden and caſt all the Souls over-board, as we did the firſt; this was our Cuſtom for a while, leſt by preſerving them we had ruin'd our ſelves, by the Intelligence they might have given to the King of that Country, unto whom they did belong, and perſuade them to a Revenge, while we were yet in our Infancy of Riſing, an ſo have rooted us up, and fruſtrated our Intentions; thus ſecurely we began to lay a good Foundation and Hopes of becoming geater on the Ruin of others, till we grew to a Capacity to make Oppoſition againſt the ſtrongeſt Enemy that durſt diſturb us. Why Madam need I enlarge my ſelf on Particulars of this Nature, or clog your Ears with ſuch Diſcourſes as have been

been too dull, and frequent in the Relation I made you?

We now began to steer our Course for the Coast of Norway, *when we discerned a Ship making after us with full Sails, and fearing to lose the Booty we had gotten, I speedily began to undo one of my Knots, and to steer towards the West, according to the Observation of my Compass when suddenly there arose a contrary Gale of Wind, so that in a Moment we lost sight of the other Vessel, and sailing with a strong Wind, towards the Evening of the next Day we discovered the Coast of* Norway, *which we soon gained; we anchored and landed our Goods, which were very Rich, where we made a sudden Sale, but yet preserving what was most precious to make a Present of it to the King, the more to endear and oblige him to our Interest; the Money I would have shared equally among them all, but they would not agree to that, so that by their Importunity I was forced to receive the one half with which I redeemed the best part of my Grandfather's Possessions; we put forth to Sea again and returned with many rich Prizes, as is almost incredible; I redeemed the Residue of my Grandfather's Estate, and in a small time purchased greater Lordships, yet always reserving a great stock of Money ready all Occasions; all the Ships that were fit for War I set forth to Sea again, making of my own Men Officers, which had as their Servants many of the King of* Norway's *Subjects that went with them, and in that way continued a long Time. Thus we dispersed our selves on the Sea, and became mighty on the Ocean; if we mist of a Booty by Water, we fought it on Land; and on the East side of* Britain, *and the Western Parts of*

Scotland, *we went aſhore, Plundering and Sacking whole Towns and Convoying our Prey Aboard we return'd ſafely Home, ſo that my Fame began to riſe in all Parts, and ſpread abroad in Foreign Countries, ſo that not one Tittle of the Old Man's Words fell to the Ground unfulfill'd.*

My Wealth prowing great, and my Riches daily increaſing, the King of *Norway* honour'd me ſo much as to offer me to his own Niece to Wife, willing me to continue in the City Royal with him, and to ordain a Daputy over my Affairs at Sea, that I might take a little Pleaſure and eaſe after ſo many paſt Miſeries; I promiſed to perform all that he deſired after I had been forth one Voyage more, and at my return to ſubmit to what ever he ſhould command me; I gave him many obliging thanks for his concern he had for me, and ſo took my Leave of him, promiſing a ſpeedy return. Our Ship being ready, and the Wind blowing fair, we quickly left *Norway*, and ſailing about Three Days by the Directions of the Compaſs Eaſtwards, and meeting no Prize, we ſevered ourſelves to divers Quarters, ſo that I left my ſelf alone, only with this Admiral Ship weare now in, and Cruizing about ſome time to little Purpoſe, we reſolved to put aſhore on the Eaſt Parts of *Albion* (as oftentimes we had done before) to Forrage for Cattle to Victual our Ship; when at our firſt Landing, Fortune preſented us with the Sight of your Brother, who ſtood in Oppoſition againſt a very great Number in your Defence; this Sight diverted our former Intentions, ſo that we marched towards them, not to aſſiſt either Party, but

to

to make our utmoſt Advantage of both; at the Sight of us thoſe that aſſaulted your Brother fled away, and he only keeping his Station, undaunted made his Fight good againſt us all, till being over-power'd by Number, we took him Priſoner, and with him your fair ſelf, Fortune above meaſure making me happy for the loſs my deareſt *Deſdemona*; ſo that there reſts nothing now but that I return to *Norway*, never to truſt the Dangers of this Liquid Element any longer, there to offer my ſelf, and what I enjoy, at your Feet, and joyfully to build my whole Felicity and Happineſs, in the Hopes I have conceived one Day to be Yours.

This, Madam, *(continued he)* is the Period and End of my diſmal Story, which I have truly related, not ommitttng ought might make me ſeem leſs faulty; but rather I have aggravated my Crimes and added to my Offences; for I find it impoſſible to relate Falſhoods unto you, or to excuſe my ſelf with Untruths; I am before a Judge (your fair Self Madam) who can judiciouſly and wiſely Dilate upon and Cenſure my Offence, which ſhall weigh'd and conſider'd will rather inforce Pity than Reſentments, that may prove fatal unto me, ſince none of my Crimes have proceeded from my Inclinations, but from my adverſe Fate, did I practiſe *Artemeſia*'s Death? Remember that wicked Iſſue had a Noble Parent, Love; was I unconſtant to *Artemeſia*? Oh remember my Conſtancy to *Deſdemona*: Think if I could have been unconſtant I might have been leſs wretched; if I have oblig'd you in the Rehearſal, or diſoblig'd

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my ſelf, I am not able to judge; yet conſider how willing I am to court all Opportunities to endear you, and that I hazard my own Intereſt for the pettieſt Occaſion to oblige you; there is ſomething due to that; ſhould you hold me guilty I will not juſtify my ſelf, or judge me Innocent I would continue ſilent, and make no Reply but reſt ſatisfy'd in granting your Requeſt in this Rehearſal and Relation of the Hiſtory of my Life.

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of Orſamus *and* Cynthia.

HEre *Almerin* ended the Story of the Adventures of his Life, leaving *Orſamus* and *Cynthia* in Admiration and Aſtoniſhment; they ſaw he was purſued by a Divine Hand, and that it was Impoſſible for him to fly his Fate, ſo that they began to look on their own Condition, fearfully apprehending the Calamities might befal them, in being Priſoner to one who being follow'd by Divine Vengeance, made all Miſerable that were concerned in any thing that appertain'd unto him; they well knew what they could expect or receive from the Hands of one whoſe Life had been monſtrous, but the latter Part moſt fearful and horrid, their fears almoſt made them deſpair, but that they did remember Heaven doth always aſſiſt the Vertuous in their greateſt

greateſt Calamities, and is neareſt at Hand with Remedy and Relief, when our Miſeries become moſt Deſperate and paſt Cure.

Alexander Magnus, being by the States of all *Grecia* choſen Captain-General, and to make War with the *Perſians*, before he took Ship he enquir'd after the Eſtate of all his Friends, to know what Means they had to follow him; then he diſtributed and gave to one Lands, to another a Village, to this Man the Cuſtom of ſome Haven, to another the Profit of ſome Burrough Town, beſtowing in this Manner the moſt part of his Demeſns and Revenues; and when *Perdieus*, one of his Lieutenants ask'd him what he reſerv'd for himſelf? He anſwer'd, (*I leave Hope for* Alexander;) ſo great Confidence had this Noble Warrior in his own Virtue; nothing in the World is more common than Hope; it abides with the moſt Proſperous, nor doth it abandon the moſt wretched, without Hope our Life would be inſupportable, for as the Winds do not always blow vehemently, ſo happy Men are not ever Fortunate, nor unhappy Men always Miſerable; Hope eaſeth the Burthen of Man's Miſeries, and it never fails him until he ceaſes to be; Hope is the beſt Comforter in the greateſt Adverſities, becauſe nothing ſo much diſſipates the ſharpneſs of preſent Calamities, as the Hope of future Felicities; there is Viciſſitudes in all Things, and nothing below continues in one State and Condition; Winter does not continve ever, and the Moon is not always in her Wain; thoſe Fortune frowns on to Day ſhe may ſmile on to Morrow; the Air is not always Tempeſtuous, nor the Sun continues not long clouded; Vertuous

tuous Perſons may fall into Misfortunes, but they be of ſmall Durance. Theſe Conſiderations did ſomething allay and diſſipate the Grief our diſconſolate Lovers endured, elſe it had been too heavy a Burthen for their Condition ſeem'd ſo deſperate only a Divine Power could relieve them, ſince Human Aſſiſtance fail'd them; the Relation of *Almerin*'s Life, inſtead of a Divertiſement that *Cynthia* expected, became an Addition to their own Miſeries, and an Augmentation of their Fears; yet in civility ſhe was enforced to render him Thanks for his Narration; after ſome Diſcourſe had paſs'd, and Night began to cloath herſelf in a Sable Black, ſo putting a Period to their Diſcourſe, *Orſamus* and *Almerin*, each taking their reſpective Farewells of *Cynthia*, left her to her Reſt; *Orſamus* retiring to his Cabbin, and *Almerin* to give Commands to his Soldiers concerning the ordering the Ship. Some Days paſſed away, while they Cruiſed about in Expectation of ſome more Prizes, that they might not go Home unloaded to *Norway*. This Conſideration alone retarded their Voyage.

In the mean Time *Almerin* proſecuted his Suit to *Cynthia* with much Eagerneſs, ſtill keeping himſelf in the Bounds of his Reſpect, until by the return of *Cynthia*'s Beauty, his Love blew his Luſt into a Flame, which could not be extinguiſh'd without Peril to either ſide; Love is a Paſſion of all other moſt Lovely, until Luſt takes a Moiety, and becomes his Rival; then it becomes a very Tyrant, and is ſubject to the greateſt Villany; for where Paſſion bears Sway, there is no Place admitted for Reaſon to plead;

plead; no wonder then if *Almerin* broke the Laws wherewith he had confined himſelf, ſince Reaſon made them, and Paſſion is always a Rebel to Reaſon; ſometimes they give him fair Hopes, but as often defer him with delay; but Delay breeds Impatience, and Impatience as often begets Extreams: This was fully verified in *Almerin*, altho' *Cynthia* forbore as much as poſſible to treat him harſhly.

About Nine Days had paſſed away ſince firſt they were ſurprized, when he came very rudely into her Cabbin, and with much Inſolence treated her in this Manner: 'Madam, I ſee all 'my Civilities have been loſt, and you provoke 'me to deſtroy all the Conſiderations that have 'flowed from that Fountain. I have hence-'forth decreed to ſeek my Satisfaction by other 'Means, ſo that I allow you until to Morrow 'to frame a Reſolution, and if that fail to o'er-'come your Obſtinacy; I ſhall know how to o-'blige you unto it in ſpight of your Averſion. He confirm'd this Menace with many others; and his Actions agreeing thereunto, told him to have ſpake nothing but what he had fully determin'd before in his Mind; ſaying this, he left the Cabbin without the leaſt reſpect, and in his going out he fortun'd to meet *Orſamus*, as then going to pay his uſual Viſit to *Cynthia* and greeting him in this rough Language, *Sir*, (ſaid he) *Remember you are my Priſoner; and ſince Fortune gives you no greater Tye over your Siſter's Affections, that ſhe will not ſuffer you to Gain your Freedom, from henceforth you ſhall be treated like a Slave, or like one that has baffled and deluded me with falſe Hopes, henceforth I ſhall find other Ways to compaſs*

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my ends, without your Interceſſion, until to Morrow I have allow'd your Siſter to Veil her Wilfulneſs to my deſires, which if you can perfect you may both yet be Happy. Saying this he left him not expecting a Reply; which Fortune fell out well for *Orſamus*, for his Anſwer no doubt would have incenſed the Pyrate to preſent Extremeties for *Almerin* ſpake to a Man whoſe Spirit was not capable to be frighted by Bugbears; inſtead of being amazed at his Change, it began to rouze his Courage for a ſpeedy Revenge: *Baſe Man* (ſaid he) *doſt thou think thy Villainy ſhall always remain unpuniſh'd, and that there is no Period ſet on thy Wickedneſs.* This ſaid he entred into *Cynthia*'s Cabbin, yet compoſing all that was fierce and terrible in his Looks to a lovely Sweetneſs, he found the Idea of all his Felicity bathing that lovely Object in Tears; Love and Pity would have perſwaded him to bear her Company in her Sorrows, ſhe made Grief ſeem ſo lovely; but better Reaſon taught him to diſſipate thoſe Floods of Woes, if poſſible, that thus oppreſs'd her; when falling at her Feet, embracing her Knees with a tender Emotion of Pity and Compaſſion, *Why theſe Precious Showers, Madam?* (ſaid he) *Wherefore the Overflowings of Grief? Is it becauſe this Villain has ſo confidently ſet a Time to finiſh his deſires; Alas my dear Princeſs, he does but hurry on his own Puniſhment, and ſet an End unto his Villany; fear not the Iſſue, Madam, for if you fear I ſhall faint; from your Eyes I ſhall receive my deſtiny; Oh Let them not be overcaſt with Clouds as a certain Omen of my Overthrow; Death itſelf could not beget an Effect in my Soul like your tears. Oh ceaſe to exerciſe thoſe Cruellies on your ſelf:*

And

And be not ſo unkind to one that loves you above his Life.

All the Time of this Diſcourſe *Orſamus* remain'd at her Feet; but recollecting her Spirits, taking him by the Hand, *Riſe*, Orſamus, (ſaid ſhe) *and blame not my Griefs, ſince Fortune intends to put no Period to our Misfortunes, nor End to our Miſeries; ſhe is become cruel without Remorſe, and pitileſs without Compaſſion; If I think of Hope, ſhe ſoon transforms it into deſpair and if I dare imagine I may be more Happy, ſhe ſoon curbs me in that Preſumption; if there is no determinate End ſet to my Misfortunes, why ſhould I expect any longer, and not court Death as the laſt Remedy? Then blame not the Tears I ſhed in ſo woeful a Caſe, ſince ſome fall for* Orſamus, *and accompany thoſe that drop away for* Cynthia. *Orſamus* raviſh'd at this free and unconſtrain'd Anſwer of *Cynthia*, and Manifeſtation of her Pity, *Oh, Madam*, ſaid he, *How happy do you make me, a Thouſand ſuch Lives as mine ſpent in thy Service were but poor Arguments to make a Recompence for the leaſt of thoſe precious Tears that you ſhed: Oh reſt contented, my deareſt Princeſs; I am only ſafe in your Security, and Happy in your Satisfaction. It is impoſſible I ſhould be thus Fortunate, and yet be Unhappy,*

In ſuch mournful Diſcourſe they paſs'd away the Day, till Night approach'd to accompany them with her diſmal Shades; this Night *Orſamus* continued with *Cynthia* a woeful Companion of her Sorrows; nor was it gainſaid by *Almerin*, ſince he apprehended it would be a Furtherance to his Deſigns; much Diſcourſe paſſed

paſſed between theſe unfortunate Lovers that enſuing Night ſo woeful, that my Pen cannot Decipher them in their true Colours, and therefore I continue ſilent.

Night began to caſt off her Sable Mantle, and *Luna* gave an exit to to this upper World, darkneſs was huſh'd away, and *Phœbus* newly darted his reſplendent Rays from the *Eaſt*, when our diſconſolate Lovers preparing themſelves for the Diſaſters that might befal them that ſucceeding Day. Scarce had the *Aurora* of the Day given Place to that Illuſtrious Planet the Sun, but *Almerin* with haſty Steps made towards the Cabbin-door, which was no ſooner perceiv'd by *Orſamus*, but he made ready for his Entertainment, *Cynthia* perſwaded him from an Attempt upon his Life, but he return'd Anſwer, *Ceaſe Fair Soul, and let me alone, middle Ways to ſuch Enterprizes are dull.* By this time *Almerin* came to the Cabbin-door, which was open'd unto him by *Orſamus*; at his Entrance he ſuddenly diſarm'd him of his Sword with ſuch an impetuous Fury, that before he could cry for Help, or make the leaſt Reſiſtance, he caſt him deadly wounded at his Feet, *Ly there thou main Obſtructor of my Quiet*, (ſaid he) *take the Reward of thy Villany in the Grave.* Hardly was he fallen on the Deck but his amazed Spirits return'd, being ready to give a Farewel to the Old Companion the Body; which *Orſamus* ſeeing, made ready to give him another Blow, ſo to make a ſudden end to that Fatal Separation, which *Almerin* perceiving, cry'd out, 'Oh, hold your Hand! It is enough 'I feel my Soul is ready to take her Flight, 'and my Continuance here will be but a few

Mo-

‘ Moments. Oh horrible ! Oh fearful ! Oh
‘ terrible ! Still beginning and never ending
‘ Eternity; now I deſire to live becauſe I fear
‘ to Dye; yet I would dye becauſe I would be
‘ freed from the fear of worſe to come. Oh hap-
‘ py they that ſo live, that they may be never
‘ afraid to Dye; to ſuch Death is a Bed of
‘ Reſt, Eternal Happineſs, and their Reward
‘ is *Eliſium*; —— but mine is —— another
‘ Voyage, —— my laſt Minutes are at Hand,
‘ I go away in a Miſt I know not how; —— I
‘ can no more, —— Farewel. At this Word
‘ he gave up the Ghoſt, to the Amazement of
‘ *Orſamus*, and the Terror of *Cynthia*.
‘

In a Moment the Glory of the Day was overcaſt with Black Clouds, the Winds grew boiſterous, and the Seas turbulent, the reſounding Eccho of the Thunder Claps were terrible to the Hearer; Flaſhes of Lightning made the Ship ſeem on Fire, with Storms of Hail and Rain, ſo that there began a cruel Tempeſt, the Waves grew proud and the Ship diſdain'd to be govern'd by the Pilot's Skill, ſo that the Men made towards *Cynthia*'s Cabbin to give Notice to their Captain to have his Advice: When behold they were amaz'd at the diſmal Object preſented unto their Eyes; they ſaw him wallowing in his own Blood at the Entrance of the Cabbin; this Sight was followed with a loud and bitter Cry, and with the Lamentations of many different Voices; ſtill the Storm continued, and their Confuſion increaſed, until at laſt recollecting their Diſtraction, they agreed with one Conſent to make good their Revenge upon *Orſamus*, who they doubted

doubted not had been the Murtherer of their Captain; Part they appointed to manage the Ship in that Storm, while the reſt went to ſacrifice his Blood to the Ghoſt of their ſlain commander; their Reſolution was anſwerable to their Deſign; for the Loſs of their Captain, whom they loved ſo intirely, and in whom they built their future Fortunes, had raiſed their Choler to ſuch a Height that nothing could allay it but his Death; this was made manifeſt in their fierce Aſſault, which was by *Orſamus* as bravely repuls'd, for he had gotten this Advantage, that defending himſelf at the Entrance of the Cabbin-Door, but one at a Time could endanger or hurt him, the Combat continued hot on both ſides, *Orſamus* for the ſafety of his deareſt *Cynthia*, and the Pyrates for their Revenge, three of the Pyrates *Orſamus* had ſent to accompany their Captain, neither did he himſelf eſcape without Wounds; Things were thus ſtated when the Tempeſt began to aſſwage, and one from the Fore-caſtle began to cry out, *A Sail, A Sail.* This Summons perſwaded them to defer their Revenge for a ſmall Time, ſo that of that great Number that aſſailed him, ſix only ſtaid as a Guard to ſecure him, fearing ſhould they engage he might iſſue forth, and join with the Enemy to their no ſmall Diſadvantage.

The Ship drew nearer, making towards them with full Sails, and before their Preparations were in a readineſs for Defence, they were ſaluted with Showers of Arrows thas ſeemed to darken the Sky; in a few Moments they came to a cloſer Combat, and grappled with their Ship; then the Fight became bloody and cruel,

Deſpair

Deſpair made the Pyrates Couragious, ſo that Twice they repulſed them with no ſmall Loſs; in the third Aſſault they were wo ſted, and their Enemies taking Advantage of their Retreat, ſlew all, leaving not a Man alive, thoſe that guarded *Orſamus* were fled away, and eſcaped his Hands, but it was only to fall by others; ſome that were forwardeſt for Plunder and Spoil, would have entred *Orſamus*'s Cabbin, but their Lives paid the Forfeit of their Folly; this occaſion'd another bickering, and drew moſt part of the Conquerors together to behold a Reſiſtance ſo bravely maintained by one Man, where eight lay wallowing in their Blood; yet he made good his Defence; thus he continu'd triumping in their Deaths, making himſelf a Barracado of their Carcaſſes, while the Victorious Captain that had Boarded the Ship was a Spectator, and pitying that ſo much Bravery ſhould wither in the Bud, he commanded his Men to leave aſſailing him, and drawing ſomething nearer, *Gallant Man*, (ſaid he) *Your Courage has gain'd an Eſteem in the Breaſt of your Enemy; ceaſe this Fatal Conteſt, and I promiſe you Safety both of Life and Liberty.*

Your Offer is Noble, reply'd *Orſamus, nor could it flow but from a Breaſt truly Generous; it is not only againſt your Men I have made this Reſiſtance, but againſt the whole Strength of the Ship before your Valour ſubdu'd it; the Captain lyes here a Sacrifice, ſlain by my Hand; and nothing could have preſerved my Life, had not divine Providence directed you hither; yet being my Preſerver, I dare not deliver my ſelf on theſe Terms; not that I doubt the Performance of your Promiſe,*

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but a ſmall Addition thereunto; here is within this Cabbin one whoſe Safety if I cannot ſecure I ſhall little value my own; if you pleaſe to let us both ſhare alike in your Bounty, and promiſe to include us both in that Noble Offer of Life and Liberty, I'll ſubmit my ſelf to your Protection; if not, I am ready to make good my Defence with the Loſs of that Life I ſhall not eſteem, without the intire Performance of theſe Articles. *Saying this, he put himſelf in a Poſture of Defence.* Hold (*quoth the Captain*) for Curioſity's Sake I'll fulfill all thy Requeſt; in the King of *Kent*'s Name, my Royal Maſter, I plight thee my Faith. Orſamus remain'd amazed at this Anſwer, and after ſome Revolutions in his Spirit, (he replyed) Ha, King of *Kent*, ſaid you? Come and finiſh what you have began, for I'll ever live to ſee that in another's Cuſtody, that is whole and intirely true to my Merit.

Scarce had theſe Words took a Farewel from his Mouth, but behold an Aged Old Man with more haſte than his many Years would permit him, made thro' the Crowd towards him and being come ſomething nearer, that he might be heard, with an Extaſy of Joy he utter'd theſe Words, (*My Noble Lord* Orſamus *living and found here! Heavens, you have ſatisfied my tedious* Expectation,) and pauſing a while with Admiration, he continued his Diſcourſe, Sir, I am not ſo much loſt unto your Memory, but you may remember one *Willifred*. At this *Orſamus* recollecting himſelf, cryed out, My dear Father, Oh come into this fatal place that I may have this happineſs in Death to die in the defence of two Perſons that ſhare my ſoul betwixt

betwixt them, Oh Sir! (*reply'd the Old Man*) talk not of Death, we came in ſearch of you only for your Safety, that I may make all this evident unto you, ceaſe your Admiration for a Time. This ſaid and all continuing Silent, he proceeded as followeth.

Oſwald, that famous King of the *Northumbers*, had a Brother named *Oſwin*, the only Succeſſor to that great Kingdom; he was Married to a Noble Lady, by whom he had Iſſue *Egfrid* the Elder, and *Orſamus* one Year younger; ſo that you are not my Son, as hitherto you have eſteem'd your ſelf, when that Fatal Battle of *Maſterfield* was fought by King *Penda*, the Tyrant of *Mercia*, againſt your Uncle *Oſwald*, King of the *Northumbers*, in which Field he was ſlain. It was then uncertain whether *Oſwin* your Father, or your Elder Brother *Egfrid* had ended their Lives at that Moment; as ſoon as Tidings were brought of their diſmal overthrow, I fled with you, being as then about ten years old, unto the next Port Town, where I got Shipping, and eſcaped away, to find a more ſecure Sanctuary in another Country than our own, that I kept you from the Knowledge of your ſelf, your Pardon, it was my Love that err'd, for I did conclude it would be Prejudicial. While we were ſailing on the Ocean, as you well remember, there aroſe a mighty tempeſt, that I imagin'd we eſcap'd Death on the Land, to receive it from that liquid Element; the Storm encreaſed, and with it our fears, the skill of the Mariners was us'd in vain ſo being left to the Mercy of the Sea and Wind

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we were convey'd unto unknown Parts; the Storm continued, ſo that about the Dawning of the Second Day we diſcern'd Land, and before ever we had Time to recollect upon what Shore we were caſt, we grounded upon a Rock, ſo that the Ship burſt into a thouſand pieces; the little Time I had left I did conſider of your ſafety, ſo that tying two Casks together, and ſeeing you ſafely on, I left you to the Mercy of the Sea, while I did provide for my own Security; I ſecur'd me on a Piece of Timber that came from the broken Ship, but mine was driven a contrary courſe unto that which you went, ſo that we ſoon ſeparated a great diſtance, ſo that I never ſaw you ſince, until this Moment. Sometime after your Father recovered, and took poſſeſſion of his Brother's Kingdom, and after I had made a ſtrict inquiry about them Parts, where I conceived you were landed Aſhore, and not finding you I imagin'd you had paid your Life as a Tribute unto the unmerciful Waves: So that I returned home ſorrowful into my own Country, and made this Relation unto your Father, who bitterly lamented your Loſs; but Time at laſt, put your Memory into Oblivion when we conſidered you were not among the Living.

Some Years had added themſelves unto the age of Time, when Fame proclaim'd in our Country the exeellent Beauty of Cynthia, Daughter to the King of Kent; ſo much did the Report of this their unknown ſeize your Brother Egfrid's Affection as he deſired his Father to Treat of an Alliance with the King of Kent by a Marriage with his Daughter; his Father that after the Report of your death, did prize him as the Apple of his Eye, unwilling

unwilling to croſs his Affections in a Cauſe ſo juſt immediately accorded with his Deſires, and thoſe me for that Embaſſage; ſo that well attended, in a few Days I arrived at Doraborina, *the Regal City of* Kent; *in a ſmall Time I was admitted to a Hearing, where I deliver'd the Sum of my Embaſſage; hardly had I arrived unto the Period of my Commands but with Tears in his Eyes he began as followeth.*

'Sir, ſome few Years ago, when I injoyed 'my deareſt *Cynthia* for now ſhe is not; or if 'ſhe be, ſhe is not to me; in a pleaſant Morn-'ing, e'er Sol had caſt his Rays from the 'Mountain tops, ſhe aroſe to enjoy the variety 'of the pleaſant Spring, which *Flora* had 'cloth'd in her choiceſt Garb; the pearly Dew 'did yet hang on the ſweet Damask Roſes, 'and the Infant Bloſſoms caſt forth a pleaſant 'Savour; the wild Choriſters of the Wood 'made the Vallies ring with the Ecchoe of their 'delightful Notes; while her Contemplation 'was taken up on the muſing of theſe Rarities 'her Curioſity had brought her to a little Path 'which led towards the Sea, which was not 'far from the place where ſhe was; ſtraying 'ſome ſmall Way farther, and caſting her Eyes 'on the Ocean, they encounter'd with an Ob-'ject that at once parted her Admiration and 'Pity; ſhe ſaw a Youth about her Age, that 'had ſecur'd himſelf on two Casks, and with 'his utmoſt Skill endeavour'd to gain the 'Shore; Remorſe is never wanting in ſo ten-'der a Breaſt, nor was it now abſent from hers, 'ſhe commanded thoſe Men that attended 'with all Expedition to make off, and ſave his 'Life, and bring him unto her, having more

s timerous Apprehenſions of his Safety than at
‘ that time needed; her Commands were ex-
‘ actly obey'd, ſo that by their Induſtry in a
‘ few Moments they had ſecur'd him ſafe a-
‘ ſhore, and weak and feeble as he was, pre-
‘ ſented him before *Cynthia*. I remember I
‘ was walking in my Palace Garden when ſhe
‘ preſented him unto me, after her Obſerva-
‘ tions paid, *Lo here, Sir*, ſaid ſhe, taking the
‘ Youth by the Hand, with a Smile, ſweetly
Innocent, *See how fortunate I have been to day by my early riſing to be the Preſerver of this pretty Lad, which with your Conſent, I would have to attend on me, ſince it is his Deſire, to ſpend his Life I ſo happily preſerv'd in my Service.* ‘ With this ſhe related where, and
‘ how he came unto her Hands; I ſtaid ſome
‘ time for an Anſwer, contemplating his Be-
‘ haviour, and ſweet becoming Graces; me-
‘ thought I ſaw ſomething in him of Majeſty.
‘ I queſtion'd him of his Name and Country,
‘ to which he gave me this Anſwer. Sir, my Name is *Orſamus*, my Father an Aged old Man which I fear periſh'd in the late Storm; my Country is far hence, in Parts unknown to me; and being Shipwreck'd in the late Tempeſt, he ſecur'd my ſafety upon two Casks; many Hours I continu'd on the Waves, uncertain of Life, until I wat caſt upon this happy Shore, and reſcued from the Jaws of *Neptune*, by this Fair Divinity, in whoſe Service I ſhould be too happy were I aſſur'd of my Dear Father's Safety. ‘ At the Period of this Diſcourſe he
‘ let fall a Shower of Tears to the Memory of
‘ ſo near a Loſs, we comforted him with the
‘ moſt agreeable Words we could frame, telling
‘ him

'him his Miſtreſs would be to him inſtead of 'a Father; that if his Father were caſt upon 'our Coaſt he ſhould have Notice given of his 'Safety; he ſeem'd much ſatisfied with this 'Diſcourſe, which Contentment he expreſſed 'in his Countenance; for that time he left me 'and attended the Princeſs.

'He was already become the Darling of the 'whole Court, every Day added to his eſteem 'he had already gotten, who all admir'd ſuch 'uncommon Graces ſhould bud in Years ſo 'Green; he had a Solidity that overtop'd his 'Age; he was never hardly from *Cynthia*'s Eye 'nor indeed did ſhe deſire it, ſo that he ſeem'd 'to bound his whole Felicity in her Ser-'vice; he waited upon her Walks and Re-'creations, but ſtill kept himſelf about her 'with a profound Reverence; his Officiouſ-'neſs was ſuch that all his Actions beſpake 'him; he would not prize the deareſt Good be-'fore the leaſt and ſmalleſt Occaſion to pleaſe 'her; he courted all Opportunities, Times and 'Places, to make it manifeſt; if ſhe would re-'tire herſelf into an Arbour, there would he 'charm ſweet Sleep upon her Eye-lids with 'delightful Muſick, in which Art he was very 'Excellent; and while ſhe Slept he would 'remain a careful Centinel, the Princeſs, young 'as ſhe was, did not bury thoſe Services in Ob-'livion, but rated them at their true Value in 'her Breaſt, rewarding all with a grand eſteem 'which was received by him as a Reward far 'exceeding his Merits; he could ſo ſweeten his 'Diſcourſe and Actions to ſo near a Sympathy, 'his Converſation being ſo charming and agree-

'able, that *Cynthia* was never ſatisfy'd when he 'was abſent; as his Years increas'd he bent his 'delight to manly Exercies, ſo that many times 'his gallant Deportment in Publick Spectacles 'drew Admiration from all that did behold 'him, and e'er he attain'd his 15th Year he won 'the Prizes in all thoſe Excerciſes wherein Va-'lour or Wit were needful; ſo that he became 'rarely skill'd in every Undertaking, to which 'his Virtuous Inclinations led him. *Cynthia* 'counted that Day happy wherein ſhe found 'him, and my greateſt Nobles became ena-'mour'd of his Carriage, calling him the Fair 'Stranger; his Behaviour was ſo free, ſweet, 'generous and obliging, that there was not one 'that envied his Happineſs; nor was it a ſmall 'hold he had gotten in my eſteem.

'His Affairs ſtood thus in Court, when my 'Land was ſuddenly invaded by *Cavaline* King 'of the *Weſt-Saxons*; I raiſed an Army to op-'poſe him, and ſet forward to meet him; when 'this young Novice, fired with hopes of Act-'ion to make Trial of his Valour, taking Op-'portunity when the Princeſs was alone, he 'accoſted her in this manner. Madam, I am too happy in the Felicity you have rais'd me unto, in being your Servant. But now Oppor-tunity preſents what perchance Fortune may never offer again; your Country is invaded by Enemies, and I deſire your good Leave to ac-company your Father in this Expedition againſt thoſe Pagans that dare to commit ſo great a Sacriledge, where in the Field of Honour I may purchaſe ſome petty Trophies that may raiſe me to deſerve that Eſteem you had for me.

'*Cynthia* having a while conſidered of his Re-queſt

'queſt, with an unuſual kindneſs in her Eyes 'made this Reply. Yes, *Orſamus*, you have my free leave to go; nor can I truſt you better than with my Father. Yet it is no ſmall hopes I promiſe my ſelf from theſe early Beginnings of your Bravery; go then and be happy for you ſhall never want the Prayers of your Miſtreſs. 'This ſaid, he attended her to my Chamber, 'where ſhe made known his Reſolutions unto 'me; nor could I diſapprove the Gallantry of 'his mind, but commending his forwardneſs, 'gave him my Conſent, ordering him always 'to be near my Perſon; thus I parted with 'my deareſt *Cynthia*, leaving her roſy Cheeks 'bedew'd with Pearly Tears for fear of the 'Dangers I expos'd my ſelf unto.

'We march'd forward by unuſual Journeys 'to hinder the Enemies Forraging of the Coun-'try, untill at laſt we encamp'd upon a large 'Plain, on the Frontiers of my Kingdom, call'd '*Black-Heath*; here we took the Advantage of 'our Ground, and bad the Enemy Battle; it 'was firſt begun by the forerunners of our Ar-'mies, but at laſt our main Battles ingag'd and 'the Fight became bloody on both Sides, Vi-'ctory as yet remaining doubtful to which ſide 'ſhe would incline; at laſt by a violent charge 'of the Enemy, my Ranks were broken, and 'my main Battle diſorder'd, and in ſpight of 'my Guard I was taken Priſoner; this was no 'ſooner underſtood by *Orſamus*, but like a 'young *Mars*, he ruſh'd into the midſt of the 'Throng, dealing Blows with ſo much Brave-'ry that he ſoon redeem'd me, and inſhort we 'became Maſters of the Field.

'But it fortun'd ſoon after, I became the diſturber of his Quiet, and chief Occaſion that he left my Court. It fell out thus; the *Eaſt-Angles* King, my adjoining Neighbour, ask'd *Cynthia* in Marriage, for his Son *Cordello*; my Council adviſed me to grant his Requeſt; I condeſcended to their Advice, and concluded the Marriage with his Ambaſſadors, telling them I would celebrate their Nuptials in *Doroborina*; the Ambaſſadors return'd Home, and in a few Days after *Cordello* arrived with a great Train. The Day was appointed to join their Hands, all Neceſſaries provided, yet by a turn of Fortune it came to no Effect.

'After this Contract of Marriage *Orſamus* became poſſeſſed with an unuſual Melancholy he ſought out Solatary Places wherein to ſpend his Time, a mortal Sadneſs was charactered in all the Features of his Face, the whole Court concern'd themſelves in his Misfortunes, and my ſelf was not the leaſt; I oftentimes demanded of him from whence this Change did ariſe, but he never yielded me any account. This was ſoon taken notice of by *Cynthia*, ſo that being with him alone in the Garden Walks, taking Opportunity from thoſe Heart-breathing Sighs that brake from the Cloſet of his Breaſt; How now *Orſamus* (*ſaid ſhe*) Why theſe Sighs? Wherefore is your Countenance chang'd? What have you let your ſelf fall into a Diſtemper below the Knowledge of your Miſtreſs? Reveal it, that, if poſſible, I may procure a Remedy, Yes, (*ſaid* Orſamus) it is only you can yield a Remedy; you made me happy only to be unfortunate; Oh that I had been buried in the rag-

ing

ing Ocean, I ſhould have found a reſting place in *Elizium*, and not have died by a ſecond Death, Oh, Madam! (*continued he*) Reſolve me, muſt you be Married? Yes, (*reply'd Cynthia*) it is ſo Decreed: Than farewel Hopes (*continued* Orſamus) now Madam you have provided a Remedy, Death and Diſpair will ſoon give a Period to my Life; but becauſe I will accord with your deſire, that your diſpleaſure may haſten on the Death I ſo much deſire, know, Madam, from that Moment you preſerved my Life, until this Time, I have nouriſh'd a Paſſion for your Vertues, accompanied with ſuch a Zeal as will follow my Aſhes to the Grave; my Reſiſtance and Reaſon became too weak to turn the Current of it, altho I levied all the Power againſt you that was likely to preſent any Fruit or Hope; I endeaver'd to fortify my Soul againſt the force of Nature with an Oppoſition, under which he was like to fall your Sacrafice. I ſaw my Reſolutions cowardly turn their Heads in the Combat againſt you; and tho I call'd all the Knowledge that I ought to have of you and my ſelf, to reinforce them, at laſt I found an abſolute impoſſibility to hold up my Arms any longer. It was no blind Preſumption that thruſt me Headlong upon this Attempt, for I never ſee any thing in my Perſon or Services that might authorize my Boldneſs; 'tis a reſtleſs Conſtraint that labours to excuſe me. Seven long Years are paſt and fled away ſince I have conceal'd this a Secret to my Boſom; the Summers ſcorching heat, nor the tedious Winter Nights could ever Work the leaſt Change; it was

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daily nourish'd by your Goodness, altho' innocently, untill it came to its full growth; whilst there was the least Hope it thriv'd, nor did I ever complain; but to have Hope torn up by the roots, to be confin'd never to see you more, is a Cruelty that cannot be born. Here he continued silent.

While *Cynthia* remained astonish'd at his discourse, but at last recovering that Assurance she had lost the time of his Discourse, 'How 'now, *Orsamus*? *(reply'd she)* is it thus you pay 'your Respects unto me? Dare you raise your 'Ambition to the Daughter of a King? or could 'you imagine I would own your Pretentions? 'I am sorry my esteem should be thus lessened 'by your Folly; or if my Intentions or Inclinations could lean that way, it is impossible 'my Father should ever consent, whose Displeasure I would not gain, to obtain the dear'est Good; to put an End to those Dangers 'that this may occasion for the future I desire 'you from henceforth to avoid my Presence, 'since there is only this Means left to cure your 'Malady, while I restrain those innocent Familiarities that have disturb'd your Quiet. 'Oh Madam! *(quoth* Orsamus *falling on his 'Knees)* Mitigate your Displeasure a little, 'there wanted only this to make me wretched. 'It is decreed, *(reply'd* Cynthia *with a Voice 'somewhat elevated, and Eyes beginning to kindle 'with Anger)* and it behoves you not to dispute 'it. Saying this she left him without either 'Voice to speake or Strength to follow her; 'unto so sad a Condition was he reduced: 'What his Complaints were after her Depar'ture I cannot tell, but certain I am, upon

this

'this Occasion he absented himself from Court,
'having first indited these Verses, and con-
'vey'd them into her Cabinet, which was
'not hard for him to do, considering the Ac-
'cess and Liberty was always allowed unto
'him. Some few Hours after his Departure
'they came to *Cyntha*'s Hands, and I think
'they spake these Words:

Tho cruel Cynthia, *for one small amiss*
To rob me of my better part of Bliss.
Oh cruel Life: That's never freed from fear,
Preserv'd by Pity, ruin'd by Despair.
I Love, and therefore from your sight I go,
Who can behold you and not love you too?
'Tis all Mens Faults but my too wretched Fate
Makes only me the Object of your Hate.
I lose your Presence by too much Respect,
Others enjoy it only by neglect.
Oh dismal Grief that harbours in my Breast:
My absent Joys begets me this Unrest.
He that enjoys a Bliss, enjoys a Cross,
That makes him trible wretched in the Loss.
When Phœbus *to our Sight doth disappear,*
The Night seems darker 'cause it once was here,
Your Doom is past, I'll not dispute it now,
But to your Sentence with Submission bow.
Farewel my deareſt Mistress, stubborn Heart,
Oh break when I pronounce this word (Depart)
Adieu my chiefest Good; Oh let that Breath,
That bids adieu give entrance to my Death!
I talk of going, yet I slowly move,
So weak does Reason to a lover prove.
This Dulness only speaks the want of Wit,
I wish you happy, yet would hinder it.

daily nouriſh'd by your Goodneſs, altho' innocently, untill it came to its full growth; whilſt there was the leaſt Hope it thriv'd, nor did I ever complain; but to have Hope torn up by the roots, to be confin'd never to ſee you more, is a Cruelty that cannot be born. Here he continued ſilent.

While *Cynthia* remained aſtoniſh'd at his diſcourſe, but at laſt recovering that Aſſurance ſhe had loſt the time of his Diſcourſe, 'How 'now, *Orſamus? (reply'd ſhe)* is it thus you pay 'your Reſpects unto me? Dare you raiſe your 'Ambition to the Daughter of a King? or could 'you imagine I would own your Pretentions? 'I am ſorry my eſteem ſhould be thus leſſened 'by your Folly; or if my Intentions or Inclinations could lean that way, it is impoſſible 'my Father ſhould ever conſent, whoſe Diſpleaſure I would not gain, to obtain the dear'eſt Good; to put an End to thoſe Dangers 'that this may occaſion for the future I deſire 'you from henceforth to avoid my Preſence, 'ſince there is only this Means left to cure your 'Malady, while I reſtrain thoſe innocent Familiarities that have diſturb'd your Quiet. 'Oh Madam! *(quoth* Orſamus *falling on his 'Knees)* Mitigate your Diſpleaſure a little, 'there wanted only this to make me wretched. 'It is decreed, *(reply'd* Cynthia *with a Voice 'ſomewhat elevated, and Eyes beginning to kindle 'with Anger)* and it behoves you not to diſpute 'it. Saying this ſhe left him without either 'Voice to ſpeake or Strength to follow her; 'unto ſo ſad a Condition was he reduced: 'What his Complaints were after her Depar'ture I cannot tell, but certain I am, upon this

'this Occaſion he abſented himſelf from Court,
'having firſt indited theſe Verſes, and con-
'vey'd them into her Cabinet, which was
'not hard for him to do, conſidering the Ac-
'ceſs and Liberty was always allowed unto
'him. Some few Hours after his Departure
'they came to *Cyntha*'s Hands, and I think
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Tho cruel Cynthia, *for one ſmall amiſs*
To rob me of my better part of Bliſs.
Oh cruel Life: That's never freed from fear,
Preſerv'd by Pity, ruin'd by Deſpair.
I Love, and therefore from your ſight I go,
Who can behold you and not love you too?
'Tis all Mens Faults but my too wretched Fate
Makes only me the Object of your Hate.
I loſe your Preſence by too much Reſpect,
Others enjoy it only by neglect.
Oh diſmal Grief that harbours in my Breaſt:
My abſent Joys begets me this Unreſt.
He that enjoys a Bliſs, enjoys a Croſs,
That makes him trible wretched in the Loſs.
When Phœbus *to our Sight doth diſappear,*
The Night ſeems darker 'cauſe it once was here,
Your Doom is paſt, I'll not diſpute it now,
But to your Sentence with Submiſſion bow.
Farewel my deareſt Miſtreſs, ſtubborn Heart,
Oh break when I pronounce this word (Depart)
Adieu my chiefeſt Good; Oh let that Breath,
That bids adieu give entrance to my Death!
I talk of going, yet I ſlowly move,
So weak does Reaſon to a lover prove.
This Dulneſs only ſpeaks the want of Wit,
I wiſh you happy, yet would hinder it.

Injoy your Wiſhes then, while wretched I
Seek out an unfrequented Place to die;
So in my Death your Pity I may have
To make my Ghoſt reſt quiet in the Grave.

ORSAMUS.

'The ſight of theſe Lines, and the abſence 'of *Orſamus*, produced great Effects in the 'Breaſt of *Cynthia*; Diſcontent ſeated itſelf on 'her Brow, the Carnations of her Cheeks be-'gan to abate, and the Lillies began to poſſeſs 'their Places; having demanded the Reaſon 'of theſe ſudden Effects, ſhe made me a Diſ-'courſe of all the particulars that had fall 'out betwixt *Orſamus* and her ſelf, and t' 'Occaſion of his Abſence; alſo ſhewing m' 'theſe Verſes I have rehears'd unto you. Look here, Sir, *(ſaid ſhe)* ſee the Reſolution of this Unfortunate, occaſion'd by one haſty Word, which I fear will deſtroy what I ſo happily pre-ſerv'd; altho the audacious revealing of his Love were an Offence, it was not of that de-gree to call his Life in queſtion. Shall I tell you from whom I do not conceal my cloſeſt Se-crets; had *Orſamus*'s Love been authoriz'd by your free Conſent, I would have choſen him out of the Stock of Mankind; nor can I much offend in loving one that has been the Preſerver of your Life and Kingdom. 'I could not much 'gainſay what ſhe had ſaid, for *Orſamus*'s Vir-'tues were ſo well grounded in my Breaſt that 'oftentimes I have had ſome thoughts my ſelf 'to his Advantage, tending that Way; but as 'things were now ſtated, I durſt not make my 'Concerns known unto *Cynthia*, leſt they might

occaſion

‘ccaſion ſome demur. The Marriage-Day
‘drew near at Hand, and *Cordello* waited the
‘Confirmation of his Nuptials, ſo that I could
‘not go back from my Promiſe without prove-
‘king the *Eaſt-Angles* King to be my Enemy.
‘This conſideration caus'd me to cloud my
‘Countenance with a Frown. Fie *Cynthia* (re-
‘plied I) forget this Man, one of ſo mean and
‘low Condition, were is Birth any ways cor-
‘reſpondent to thine, I think I ſhould have ac-
‘corded with thy Deſires, had I known it be-
‘fore this Contract with *Cordello*; but this has
‘proceeded ſo far, that the deferring of it
‘would endanger my whole Kingdom. Ba-
‘niſh this Miſerable Man from thy Memory,
‘and obey the Commands impoſed on thee by
‘Father and a King. She made no reply,
‘but with a low ſubmiſſion ſeemed to conſent
‘with what I deſired, and ſo left me, the Con-
‘duits of her Eyes being ready to overflow
‘their Banks. After her Departure I ſent
‘ſecret Spies through all Parts of my King-
‘dom to ſearch for *Orſamus*, with Com-
‘mands if they found him to bring him back
‘again; my Diſcontents came little ſhort of
‘*Cynthia*'s for his Departure, for I could not
‘ſo ſoon bury in Oblivion the Memory of ſo
‘Brave a Man, to whoſe Valour I was ſo much
‘oblig'd; his abſence wrought Effects upon
‘my Soul, and his Merits had gotten ſuch ſure
‘footing in my Breaſt, that had not this fatal
‘Marriage been an Obſtruction, I would have
‘offered that into his Arms he ſo much deſir'd
‘and I doubt not I ſhould have found a clearer
‘Satisfaction in his Perſon, than in the Poſſeſ-
‘ſion of Royalties.

‘For

'For true Nobility was never begun but 'by Vertue: Nor is it as the vulgar Opinion 'of Men rate it, but it is only the Praiſe and 'Sirname of Vertue: It is a miſerable Folly 'to beg Eſteem of Dead Men when we deſerve 'none our ſelves; for the true Honour and 'Worſhip, ſaith a Wiſe Man, is the Virtue of 'the Mind, which Honour no Monarch can 'give thee, nor noFlattery or Money can pur-'chaſe us.

'Princes ſhould be Paterns of Vertue to 'them over whom they Rule, for moſt People 'take their Rulers as a Glaſs to examine them-'ſelves by; ſo let the Prince be Vicious, the 'People ſhall not be Virtuous over whom he 'Rules; for they think they cannot do better 'than to regulate their Actions by their Princes 'this Conſideration ſhould be of Force enough 'to induce Princes ſo to live that their Virtu-'ous Actions may ſhine in the Eyes of their Sub-'jects, that they ſhould nouriſh budding Vir-'tue, and protect it in a Cottage as well as in 'Pallace, for the Diamond is of as much value 'worn by a poor Man, as upon the Finger of 'the Rich.

'I have the more inlarged my ſelf on this 'Subject (*continued he*) becauſe I apprehend 'my Neglect in rewarding Virtue occaſion-'ed theſe Misfortunes that ſuddenly befel 'me. But to my Diſcourſe again. My 'Spies returned Home again without bring-'ing the leaſt Intelligence of *Orſamus*'s abode, 'this being revealed unto *Cynthia* added much 'unto her Grief; as *Orſamus* before had done, 'ſhe ſought out Solitude, ſhe refrained Compa-'ny, but when Decency requir'd it, ſhe ſhun'd

'all

'all Divertiſements that might charm her Melancholly, ſo that ſhe brought herſelf wholly 'to an Eſtate of Pity and Compaſſion; I beheld 'this Viciſſitude with a mortal Vexation and 'gladly would have procured a Remedy.

'Time flew away with exceeding Swiftneſs, 'and the Sun had but one Career to run before the Day of Marriage approach'd; and 'being unwilling at ſuch a time ſhe ſhould 'be a deſperate Thing wholly made up of 'Sorrow, I cauſed a ſtately Banquet to be 'prepared in a Garden I had abutting to the 'Sea-ſide, environed by an unfrequented 'Wood, ſo ſituated that Nature and Art 'both endeavoured to make it a Nonpareil, it 'was here I recreated my Self when my Buſineſs at Court would permit my Abſence; it 'was illuſtrated with many ſpacious Houſes of 'Pleaſure, adorn'd with *Flora*'s Faireſt Treaſury, whereunto frequented a Melodious 'Conſort of the wild Choriſters of the neighbouring Woods. Variety of Objects will 'diſſipate the deepeſt Sadneſs, but it produc'd 'no Effects in the Soul of *Cynthia*, for thither 'I came with her attended by *Cordello*, who 'accompany'd us with a great Train. Our 'Banquet was ended, and the Sun began to 'decline towards the Weſtern World, when 'we all betook our ſelves each to thoſe 'Pleaſures the Mind beſt affected; *Cordello* 'remained with me, and *Cynthia*, accompanied only with her uſual Attendance, di'rected her Walk to that part of the Garden 'abutting to the Sea; ſhe hardly approached 'unto the utmoſt Bounds of the Garden, but

'ſhe

ſhe gave a Caution to her Servants to keep at a diſtance; theſe Commands were common with her when ſhe deſired to retire herſelf from Company, ſcarce, by the turning of ſome Alleys, had ſhe concealed herſelf from their ſight, but by a ſmall Paſſage, that gave an entrance into the Wood, ſhe gave an Exit to the Garden, where ſhe ſtrayed about an Hour before her Attendance would break the bounds of thoſe Commands ſhe had impoſed on them; at laſt the Care of her Safety had precedency before their Breach of Duty, and they followed the ſame Path they ſaw her take, but they could not find what they ſought; by the Paſſage that they found open they all agreed that ſhe had willingly ſtrayed in the Woods; they once reſolv'd to follow her, but better reaſon diſſwaded them the Turnings were ſo intricate, that being once entred it is poſſible they might ſooner loſe themſelves, than recover their abſent Miſtreſs; theſe ſecond Thoughts directed them to give me Notice of her Departure; this News ſeized my Soul like a Thunder-clap; ſtill things became worſe and worſe; each Particular foreſhewing an unhappy Augury to enſue; nor did my Apprehenſions fail me; for that I was afraid of ſoon came unto me; and the Thing which I did dread came upon me like a Tempeſt; upon theſe Tidings in a Moment we diſperſed our ſelves into all Parts of the Wood, promiſed great Rewards to him that could bring me the firſt Tidings of her Safety; ſcarce a Thicket in the Wood was left untrac'd, and as far as we could conceive all our Labours would become

‘ become fruitleſs, when it was *Cordello*'s hap
‘ to find her ſitting alone. He made towards
‘ her, and ſeating himſelf by her ſide; hardly
‘ had any Diſcourſe paſs'd between them, but
‘ there iſſued out of the adjacent Wood a Man
‘ that bent his Steps towards the water-ſide, but
‘ ſeeing her ſat there, altere'd the Courſe of his
‘ Deſign; he caſt himſelf at her Feet, and was
‘ ſoon known to be the abſent *Orſamus*; after
‘ many Complaints that ſhe was Cruel, ſea-
‘ ſoned with ſo many Tears as would have
‘ produced Pity in a Barbarian's Heart, his
‘ Carriage and Actions ſo deſperately amazed
‘ *Cynthia* that ſhe had not force enough for a
‘ Reply; at laſt he reſolved in deſperate
‘ manner to Sacrafice the laſt Part of his Life
‘ to his Love; he drew his Sword, the Sight
‘ and Fear of which caſt *Cynthia* into a deadly
‘ Trance; he had made that Place the Tragick
‘ Scene of his Revenge on *Cordello* if his At-
‘ tendant had not fortunately made in and
‘ reſcued him from his Hands, and all at once
‘ aſſaulted him; Five had their Paſsports for
‘ the other World, and no doubt the Company
‘ that continually increaſed had put a Period
‘ to his Life, had not a ſtrange Turn of Fortune
‘ preſerv'd him. From forth a ſmall Creek
‘ iſſued out Sixteen Pyrates, at the ſight of
‘ which he that aſſaulted *Orſamus* fled away,
‘ but he made good his Defence againſt them.
‘ Too late I had News of this, for I made
‘ to the Place with what Power I had,
‘ but I ſaw nothing but half a Score Men
‘ lying Dead on the Ground. Amongſt
‘ thoſe that lay wallowing in their

‘ Gore,

'Gore, there was one that began to recover a 'little, and was ſo well follow'd by my Servants 'that his Senſes return'd unto him. I promis'd 'him his Life on Condition he would give me 'a true Relation what they were. After a Sigh 'he began as followeth.

My Country is *Norway*, and the Commander of theſe Men with whom I came aſhore is *Almerin*, the Famous Rover of theſe Northern Parts, and his Protector is the King of *Norway*; I believe the Name of *Almerin* is not unknown to the Inhabitants of *Albion*, but his Robberies keep it always green in Memory, under his Conduct ſixteen of us came aſhore, and were bravely repulſed by one ſingle Man, who made his Defence good againſt us all, for the preſerving of a Lady that lay Senſeleſs on the Ground; Three of my Companions beſides my ſelf lay grovelling in their Blood at his Feet, which Sight incenſed *Almerin* to a ſpeedy Revenge, that they ruſhed upon him in all Parts with ſuch Rage and Force that it ſeem'd impoſſible he ſhould make any longer Reſiſtance; in fine they ſeized him, and convey'd both him and the Lady aboard our Veſſel. This is all the Account I can give you; for your Pardon of my Life it is of no value; ſince my Paſs is ſign'd for the other World; Kings may take Life away, but they cannot command a Soul to ſtay when her Date is expired; ſuch is mine. Oh King! (*continued he*) You cannot give what you dare not promiſe your ſelf; I am going the Way of all Mortals; in Death there is no difference; my Soul is ready to take her laſt Adieu; Oh let my Death be a Glaſs to ſhew what I was, and what you muſt ſhortly be!

Saying

Saying this, Life gave an Exit indeed, and left his Body breathleſs on the Ground.

'Scarce had I unfixt my Eyes from this 'Object of Mortality, and caſt them to-'wards the Ocean, but behold I ſaw the 'Ship that contained all my worldly Joys 'going before the Wind with full Sails, 'wafting away my Soul; how often did I 'wiſh ſome Remora would retard her haſte 'or that *Æolus* would obſtruct its Flight? But 'my Prayers and Sighs were turn'd to Air, 'from whence they were framed, and pro-'duced no Effects; I gave Command to ſe-'veral Veſſels to follow this Pyrate; but all 'Things agreed to further his Eſcape. The 'Night became exceeding dark, and there a-'roſe a mighty Storm, ſo that he was convey-'ed to unknown Parts, far from my Country. 'This Sir, is one Reaſon I cannot accord with 'your Maſter's Deſires; and the other is 'were ſhe here I could not without breach of 'Honour break my Promiſe to *Cordello*; al-'though, ſhall I tell you, I hold him not fit to 'enjoy ſuch a Treaſure, becauſe he had not rea-'ſon to prize the Worth of what he would poſ-'ſeſs; theſe be the Cauſes that inforce me not 'to agree with his Requeſt, whoſe Alliance 'ſhould otherways court, being far above my 'Hopes.

Here, Sir, (*continu'd* Willifrid) the King ended his ſtory, which I harkened unto with Aſtoniſhment; at laſt recollecting my Spirits ſir (reply'd I) your Diſcourſe gives me great Cauſe of Wonder and Pity; and perhaps my Concern-

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ments in your diſaſterous Story will not vail or become inferior to your Reſentments, I pity poor *Orſamus*'s Misfortunes; but before I proceed, tell me one Thing truly, I ſee you prize *Orſamus*'s Virtues at their full Value, ſhould his Birth be as illuſtrious or more Sublime than his Virtues, would you deny him your Daughter in Marriage. 'Would I, (*reply'd the King 'expecting the Period of my Diſcourſe*) Could I 'expect Heaven would be ſo fortunate unto me 'his Perſon and Merits, without Addition of 'Honours, ſhould gain Precedency in my Breaſt 'before all Men. I was much ſatisfied at the freeneſs of his Diſcourſe, and return'd to him this Anſwer? Know, Sir, *Orſamus* is of Royal Blood, ſecond Son to my Maſter, the mighty King of *Northumbers*, by Caſualty Shipwrack'd on your Coaſt; I gave him a Relation of what already you have heard, which augmented his Admiration and Satisfaction. This Diſcourſe was about three days after your departure from the *Kentiſh* Coaſt, I comforted him in what meaſure I might, telling him I would return to my Maſter, to give him this Intelligence of thoſe many ſtrange Adventures, from whence I would ſet out with a Ship well man'd in purſuit of the Pyrate, and that if I miſs'd of him I would go unto the King of *Norway*, and demand them of him, and if he refuſed their Delivery, to arm moſt of the Kingdom of *Albion* in his behalf that had been diſadvantaged by his Rebberies; he ſeem'd much ſatisfied with what I had propoſed, not making any demur againſt any thing I had deliver'd; for that time we brake off our Diſcourſe and began to fall to Action; he beſtowed many rich Preſents on me, fitted out this Ship

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we are now in; for my better Accommodation in my Paſſage diſpatch'd this noble Commander as his Ambaſſador, with full Power to confirm whatever we had, or for the future ſhould agree upon for the Recovery of you and his Daughter the Wind blowing fair we put off from Shore, and gave a Farewel to the King. In fine we had a nimble Paſſage into our own Country, where I Landed, and gave your Father an Account of your Safety, and what elſe ſeem'd ſatisfactory to your Diſcovery; your Father rejoiced much at the Tidings of your Safety, according with the King of *Kent* in all his Requeſts for they were equally concern'd in each others Diſaſters.

Hardly were Commands iſſued out for a preparation, but a Ship that came into our Harbour brought News that *Almerin* was off at Sea and that they narrowly eſcaped his Hands; this Opportunity would admit of no delays, which this Brave Captain conceiving, requeſted the Command of the Ship we are now in; in a Moment it was ſtrongly man'd with our own Men, who freely offered their Lives to redeem their Prince, with their chearful Acclamations foretelling a proſperous Omen; my ſelf, though Age would have excuſed it, accompanied this Noble Man; the thought of your Welfare extinguiſhing the Imagination of my own Danger thus we made off to Sea, accompanied with one Ship more which was ſevered from us in the late Storm. Four Days had not yet paſſed away ſince I left our own Country, in which Time Heaven has been ſo Kind to make me your Preſerver, now what reſts there behind, but that we return to your Father and Brother.

This

This Diſcourſe being over, nothing elſe offer'd, *Orſamus* and *Cynthia* left the Cabbin, whoſe Beauty was the Admiration of all that did behold her, and claimed Obedience, as Tribute from all Hearts; and the Reſpect there ſhewed her was not inferior to thoſe ſhe received in her Father's Court; the Captain fell at her Feet, paying his dutious Obſervance to his Princeſs; they conſulted with him and *Williſride* what courſe they ſhould ſhape for the future; at laſt it was reſolv'd to ſteer their Way towards the Kingdom of *Northumberland*, and it was ſoon put into Execution; the Ships were cleanſed of the dead Carcaſſes; *Almerin*'s Body with the reſt, was committed unto the Waves, and this was the miſerable End of that wretched Man.

Neptune grew pliant, and *Auſter* with a pleaſant Gale did ſweetly ſwell their Canvas Wings that they ſeem'd to Fly; with ſuch ſwiftneſs did this happy Bottom ſpeed them away, ſo that in leſs time than they expected they diſcovered their own Coaſt, where being arrived, they made themſelves known unto the King, who was almoſt raviſhed with Joy in the ſight of his long loſt Son; his Brother careſſed him, his Friends welcomed him, nor could there be a Parallel to his Entertainment; the Relation of which I abbreviate, and remain ſilent: Words are not full enough to expreſs their Content, for Language is too narrow to c oath great Paſſions. I ſhall only give the Reader this Caution, that there was nothing wanting to expreſs their Joy more intire. *Cynthia* had ſuch Reſpects paid her as were peculiar to ſo rare a Creature; ſuch deep

Impreſſi-

Impreſſions can Virtue and Beauty make on Illuſtrious and High born Spirits; becauſe they would not diſturb their Happineſs by a ſudden Journey, they ſent a Meſſenger expreſs to the King of *Kent*, to certify him of his Daughter's Safety, to give him Advice, that in a few Days time *Oſwin* would be with him in *Doroborina*, accompanied with his two Sons, and his Fair Daughter *Cynthia*, to Celebrate *Orſamus*'s Nuptials; the Meſſenger was received with all Joy and Reſpect, Preparations were made on all Parts for a Triumphant Entrance: At the time limited *Oſwin* came, and was received with all Acclamations of Joy, the Bells caſt their reſounding Eccho on all Parts of the City, and the Bonfires ſeemed to conteſt for Splendor with the Planet that rules the Night; the Spectators were numberleſs that came to behold their loſt Princeſs and their Welcomes made a thundering Noiſe on all Parts; never was an Entry made into that City more Stately. Thus they were attended to the Palace, where *Cynthia* caſt her ſelf at her Father's Feet, and was raiſed by the Old King with exceſſive Raviſhment; the Embraces and Kiſſes he beſtowed on her were many, nor did they paſs unaccompany'd without ſome Tears of Joy.

Theſe Endearments being Paſs'd, he embraced the *Northumbers* King, who stood ready to receive him; then *Egfrid* and lastly *Orſamus*, still calling him his Preſerver. *Orſamus* (ſaid he) Now the time is come to reward your Merits, with what is moſt dear and precious unto me, for indeed all other Recompences were inferior to your Deſerts.

What

What ſhall I ſay; the Salutations on all Parts were numberleſs, and the Welcomes infinite, while Supper laſted, which ended, and their high Flood of Joy being ſomewhat diſſipated, they reſolved about *Orſamus*'s Marriage, whoſe Happineſs was deferred no longer than till the next Day, which ſoon arrived, *Phœbus* haſtening his Race with his ſwifteſt ſpeed, unwilling his Abſence ſhould defer their Delights, or perhaps longing to behold the Royalties of ſo Glorious a Day.

Cynthia was attired that Day in a Gown reſembling the Colour of the Azure Sky, more Fair than that Divinity that raviſh'd *Endymon*; her Head was adorned with Jewels, which caſt a Luſtre on all Parts where ſhe went; yet was that Splendor darkn'd by the tranſcendent Bays that pierced from her Eyes, than which nothing was more penetrating; ſhe was the only Object of all thoſe Eyes that beheld her that Day, and happy did he count himſelf that could gain a ſight of this ſurpaſſing Beauty; for nothing was wanting to make that Amiable, which, alas was too lovely of it ſelf.

Now the Hour approach'd when *Hymen* muſt do his duty in knitting this happy Knot. *Orſamus*, with his beloved Cynthia, accompani'd with the 2 Kings and Prince attended by the Nobility of both Kingdoms, follow'd by an infinite Number of Spectators; after ſome ſmall time had paſſed away the arrived at the great Temple of the City, where the Biſhop ſtood ready to to join their Hands, which Ceremony performed with great Magnificence, they return'd to the Palace. It would ask too long a time to deſcribe the Entertainment they receiv'd hom

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wards; many stately Fabrics were erected where the gods and goddesses seem'd to descend and in Heroick Poems to describe their strange Adventure: Many Rich Presents were offered by the Citizens, wherein they did express the Gratefulness of their Hearts. In fine, nothing was left undone that could speak their Joy more absolute; the residue of that Day was spent in masks and plays, in all the delights and Merriments the Heart of Man could fancy.

Phœbus necessitated, gave a Farewel to this upper World, yet not before he had charged his Sister *Cynthia* to attend at *Cynthia*'s Nuptials, which she duly performed; for never was there seen a fairer Night, where the Heavenly Spangles were evident to the Eye, while *Diana* ran her Career in Glory, perhaps to vie Splendor with *Cynthia*, whose happiness she began to envy The time drew on when *Morpheus* with his Mace approaches, commanding to Rest; upon which Notice given. *Cynthia* was conducted by her Attendance to her Bed, after whom follow'd *Orsamus*, accompanied by the two kings who saw him lodged by her side; and giving them the Good-night, not without the Blushes of *Cynthia*, left them unto their Rest, or to the Possession of those Pleasures the Stock of Mankind might envy him; and here I would rest and cantinue silent, but that my Genius directs me a little farther, to give you notice, that so true an Affection might be compleat, Heaven was pleased to bestow on their first Year a Son, and on the second a Daughter, which heir'd all the Perfections and Feature of her Mother,

Orsamus

Orſamus and *Cynthia* loving and living in ſuch Felicity and true Affection, as every Day ſeemed their Marriage Day, and every Night a freſh Rivalry of Delight, *Cynthia* living in *Orſamus*, and *Orſamus* bounding his whole Felicity in *Cynthia*.

After a Storm the Sun more bright appears;
That Joy is greateſt that is rais'd from Fears,
And built on hopes doth chiefeſt comfort bring
A cruel Winter makes a lovely Spring.
Adverſity makes Men esteem of Wealth;
He that hath Sickneſs had doth prize his health
The ſcene of Woe adds Pleaſure to the Joys,
Still to be Happy Happineſs deſtroys.
Exceſs of Dainties ſoon will glut the Taſte,
Felicity were Sorrow ſhould it laſt.
Things that are dearest bought we most do prize
And Joys kept down by Sorrows highest riſe.
This is the Comfort most true Lovers find.
Their Hell is first, their Heaven is behind.

FINIS.